New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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KINGSLEY MARTIN
Charles III's Education

★

K. S. KAROL
Massacre in Algiers

★

W. JOHN MORGAN
Revolt of the Crofters

★

PAUL JOHNSON
The Young Disraeli

★

R. H. S. CROSSMAN
Britons and Arabs

★

NORMAN LEWIS
Fidel's Artist

★

Polish Cinema Today

Last Chance for the Congo

THE United Nations operation in the Congo looks near to collapse. One country after another is withdrawing its contingents; funds are running low; and UN officials are harassed and obstructed. Mr Hammarskjold is being left without the means to carry out even his limited mandate. Unless something is done at once the first attempt to sustain the independence of a former colony by collective action will end in disaster on the spot and disruption of the UN in New York. On Tuesday, yet another bitter debate in the Security Council ended with a Soviet veto.

This tragedy stems from the cold war conflict that damages every aspect of the UN. Krushchev, opposed to any effort by the UN to bring order out of the collapse of colonialism, mistakably assumed that the new African states would support his attacks on Dag Hammarskjold and that they would be prepared to accept 'disinterested' Soviet backing for Congolese independence. He found that, on the contrary, they regarded the UN as the only non-committed and non-colonialist agency which could protect their 'legitimacy' and help them with economic and technical aid. The Americans, for their part, panicked when Lumumba seemed to be turning to the Communists. Their mistake was to assume that this, and his erratic behaviour, would alienate African sympathy. Colonel Mobutu seemed more pliable, to have some sort of military force, and to be anti-Communist as well.

Both sides thus made wrong assumptions about African opinion. Where Krushchev flouted its respect for the UN, Eisenhower has disregarded its belief that legitimacy is the strongest safeguard against the return of colonialism. Once the principle of popular election and majority leadership is abandoned, the way is open for any bribable stooge.

Whatever Lumumba's faults, most Africans believe that he is the legal premier of the Congo. His arrest and ill-treatment has angered even the conservative Nigerians, who have little time for him as a political leader. Because the UN has been explicitly forbidden to intervene in domestic politics it has been powerless to protect him and it has been discredited. Mobutu rules by naked power, with Belgian and American connivance, and can cock a snook at the UN whenever he chooses.

Thus the cold war stultifies the efforts of the UN, while the Congo itself slides into civil war. The danger now lies in the threat of direct intervention by the American forces (which are being prepared for a tropical expedition) on the pretext of saving the Congo from anarchy. Should this happen, there is bound to be drastic counter-action by the Russians, and the attempt of the African states to keep great power conflicts out of their continent will have failed catastrophically.

What, then, can be done? Here Britain could take the initiative, despite the evident Soviet intention of vetoing all action by the Security Council. The Indians and Yugoslavs have asked for an emergency Assembly meeting. At this meeting the British representative should at once ask the United Nations to order the release of Lumumba as the constitutionally elected prime minister of the Congo. This Russia must support. At the the same time, the UN should invite Lumumba, Kasavubu, Mobutu and Tshombe to New York. There, by direct negotiation under its authority, they could work out an interim settlement. This must include the recall of the Congo parliament and the disarming of the roving armed bands. On such conditions the UN should then give Mr. Hammarskjold greater powers to carry out this compromise; there would again be a constitutional government backed by international authority.

The chances that such a move would succeed may not be great. But this emergency action must be tried. It could restore the prestige of the UN, without running counter to the declared aims of either the Russians or the Americans. Britain is the only power which – with African support – could propose it with any hope of success.

Comments on the Week's News

Nato

Whose Finger on the Button?

Our Defence Correspondent writes: General Norstad's plan to 'nuclearise' Nato is running into serious difficulties. In a sense, of course, his forces are already semi-nuclearised. A large number of US and some British ground units have tactical nuclear weapons; there are the Jupiters in Turkey and Italy, and there are the tactical air forces, British, US and Canadian, equipped with nuclear bombs. But permission to use them can only be given by the US president – transmitting his orders through Norstad in his capacity as Commander of US Forces in Europe, not as Supreme Commander – and by the British cabinet, through the Chiefs of Staff. Many Europeans believe that, in the event, permission will not now be granted unless the actual territory of the US (and Britain) is threatened. This consideration was the chief reason why General de Gaulle decided to create a French nuclear striking-force, and Norstad believes that West Germany will, sooner or later, also insist on possessing a nuclear deterrent of her own. To meet this threat, he wants to transfer control of Nato's nuclear weapons from the US president to SHAPE – so that Nato can 'deter' Russia without necessarily involving the US.

But this itself raises a new question of control. Supposing that the present plans go through, and five Polaris submarines, plus about 300 Polaris and Minuteman rockets mounted on trucks and railway-wagons, are placed directly under SHAPE, who will then give permission to fire them? If control is retained by the 15 member governments, the time needed for consultations might destroy the effectiveness of the weapons, and so undermine the 'credibility' of the deterrent; moreover, each government would, presumably, have a veto. Norstad's original idea was to vest control in the permanent Nato Council in Paris; but its members are mere ambassadors, who cannot conceivably be given responsibility of this magnitude; and even if they were raised to cabinet status, few governments would be prepared to entrust the fate of their nation to a single individual. The desperate danger of Norstad's plan is that, since the Nato members will be unable to devise a satisfactory formula, the question of control will be left vague – and it will, in practice, fall into the hands of the professional soldiers at SHAPE, and above all of the Germans who, by 1963, will contribute more than half of its ground forces.

This dilemma, indeed, is inherent in all modern weapons systems. If the weapon is to be used effectively – that is, quickly – the decision should, ideally, be taken on the spot. If effective political control is established, the weapon cannot be deployed in time, and so fails to deter. The Polaris submarine is a case in point. When submerged, it can only communicate with a radar and radio station in Maine – indeed, to communicate at all it must rise above the 'thermal layer' and so expose itself to detection. The communication process must therefore be reduced to the minimum. Were Britain to insist on effective political control, the value of this weapons-system would sharply diminish, and this is why Mr Macmillan gave in.

There seems no solution to this problem: indeed, it is likely to increase as the speed of delivery accelerates. Hence, the official Labour Party leadership, by arguing that nuclear weapons are tolerable provided they are firmly under the control of politicians, is, in fact, asking for the impossible. The choice is a stark and simple one: between nuclear weapons controlled by generals – or no nuclear weapons at all.

Africa

The Walk-Out

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The African walk-out from the Lancaster House conference is quite logical, if in one sense tactically unwise. Having rejected Federation completely before the conference even started, there is little point in them staying in London to hear arguments in its favour and take part in protracted negotiations for its amendment. They have stated their case against any form of continued federation and want no more to do with it.

It must be remembered that each of the African leaders is much more concerned with the impression he makes in his own country than the figure he cuts in London. It may be bad publicity in this country to have left the conference and given the appearance of being unwilling to hear the other side of the argument, but the effect will be quite different in Central Africa. Hastings Banda, Kenneth Kaunda and Joshua Nkomo are just as vulnerable to attack, suspicions and rivalries as leaders elsewhere. Dr Banda and Mr Kaunda especially have rivals waiting in the wings ready to pounce on any opportunity to suggest a lack of fervour for the African cause. Already, before the walk-out, Harry Nkumbula, leader of the Congress in Northern Rhodesia, the rival organisation to Kaunda's party, had accused the other African leaders of flirting with Federation. To the Africans back at home, having damned Federation root and branch, and now sensing the approaching moment of self-government, it must seem strange to hear of their leaders sitting round the same table as the Federal leaders discussing plans for a future federal constitution.

The mistake perhaps made by the African leaders – one of public relations – was to allow the British public to believe that they had accepted the invitation to take a full part in the conference and would therefore stay to see it through. What would now be entirely fatal would be for the British government to try and make the talks on the Southern and Northern Rhodesian constitutions dependent on an African return to the Federal conference. To do so would be to line up Britain behind Welensky in maintaining Federation. This would certainly antagonise and provoke the African masses of all three countries.

Opening up Swaziland

A Special Correspondent writes: It is a long way from Swaziland to Japan but not too long a journey for iron ore. Two leading Japanese steel mills are negotiating a huge contract with the giant Anglo-American Corporation of South Africa, which contemplates mining the ore. But Swaziland has no railways, and a line would have to be constructed to take the ore out, not through the Union but to the eastern Portuguese seaboard. At present negotiations are afoot in London about dividing the heavy cost, £9m, of the projected railway between Britain and the Corporation.

Avoiding the Union entirely, this internal railway would facilitate the production not only of iron ore on a big scale but also of timber, pulp and coal as well as sugar and citrus fruits. These prospects are reflected in the shining eyes of business men on the Rand. What is not yet clear, however, is the attitude of the isolated and elderly Swazi paramount chief, Sobhuza II, to the irruption into his territory of modern mines and mills. Nor is it clear that the interests of the Swazi are to receive better consideration in the plans now taking shape than they have in the past. Yet buried in the pages of the recent Morse Report is a firm warning that mines and other industries will not be able, in the face of Swazi opinion, to maintain a colour bar preventing Africans from doing skilled or semi-skilled work.

The difficulty is that (as in the Rhodesian copper belt a generation ago) when mining begins, there are few or no Africans trained to earn anything above the low wages paid to unskilled and unorganised workers. The temptation will be to import skilled men and their families from Britain, if not from the Union, a temptation to which Courtaulds and the Colonial Development Corporation are already said to be exposed in opening their pulp plant. If Sobhuza is alert and attentive enough, he will soon be asking some awkward questions. First, whether the division of industrial labour between highly paid white skilled men and poorly paid black unskilled men is to be strictly temporary until technical training, provided not by the mines but by the Protectorate itself, is open to the Swazi. Secondly, whether the rising demand for unskilled labour is to be met by recruitment of migrants without their families in either Mozambique or the Union. Thirdly, and not least, whether the Swazi share of mineral royalties and actual profits has been properly protected.

Sobhuza is unlikely to have heard that on the other side of the Union, in Bechuanaland,

The Algiers Massacre. K. S. Karol .. 957
Revolt of the Crofters. W. John Morgan 958
London Diary. Critic 959
Restocking the Seas. C. M. Yonge FRS 960
The Education of Charles III. Kingsley Martin 962
Fidel's Artist. Norman Lewis 964
Arts and Entertainment. Tom Driberg, Bryan Robertson, H. A. L. Craig, Alan Lovell, William Whitebait .. 966
Correspondence. J. B. Priestley, Canon Alfred Jowett and others 972
Books in General: The Dark Youth of Disraeli. Paul Johnson 975
Poems. Patric Dickinson, Michael Ivens 976
Reviews. Kingsley Martin, R. H. S. Crossman, Louis MacNeice, J. M. Cameron, Lawrence Gowing, Norman MacKenzie, Richard Mayne, William Walsh, Ralph Samuel 977
Week-end Competitions 985
The Countryside. Edward Hyams .. 986
City Lights. Taurus 987

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the Bamangwato have successfully bargained with Sir Ronald Prain for a 15 per cent share not only by way of royalties but by way of a share-holding interest in a mining company which has, moreover, undertaken to train Africans for skilled work and to let two Africans sit on its board of directors. Because Swaziland, unlike the other two Protectorates, has not yet received even the assurance of a Legislative Council, these issues must be openly raised and settled. Otherwise the local administration is likely to run into a series of situations in which the Union government, unable to control these developments in a neighbouring territory, would not be sorry to see it flounder.

Washington

Picking the Team

A Correspondent writes: In picking the three men who will be responsible for America's foreign policy after January Mr Kennedy has shown a nice balance between what was expected of him and what he wants. If Adlai Stevenson was not to be Secretary of State – and this was ruled out both by his 'unrealistic' reluctance to support Kennedy before the convention and by the difficulties Kennedy might have faced with a President-*manqué* in the job – then the UN post was the one in which Stevenson would look well and might do very well. If Chester Bowles was too much the liberal idealist, too concerned with foreign aid and with Asian affairs, his appointment as second-string will reassure liberal opinion and give Dean Rusk an assistant who has special knowledge about these two important areas of policy. And, in Dean Rusk himself, the new President will have what he most wants – an able and experienced professional, who will in effect serve as his chief of staff in foreign policy. One of the great weaknesses of the Eisenhower administration was the way Dulles played fast and loose with the desk-men in the State Department, who had already been purged and intimidated by the McCarthy smear campaigns. Under Mr Rusk, the machine should work more smoothly, and there should be better co-ordination between State, Treasury and Defence – where the 'whiz kid' from Ford's, Mr McNamara, takes over as the climax of an air-force, academic and big-business career.

Mr Rusk's own opinions incline to caution, a suspicion of summit diplomacy – 'it is to be approached with the wariness with which a prudent physician prescribes a habit-forming drug' – and a belief that conventional methods of negotiation are best. But he seems to be cast more in the role of counsellor than policy-maker.

It seems that Kennedy has had rather more trouble than is usual in picking his Cabinet – a sore trial for any incoming President. While the Prime Minister chooses the men who have served with him on the opposition front bench, a President must often choose men who are scarcely known in the country and whom, as in the case of Mr Rusk, he has never met.

He must devise a smooth Administration and satisfy all the elements of a crazy-quilt party. Ideally a Democratic Cabinet should include representatives from the North East, the Middle West, the Far West and the South. It will have at least one Catholic and one Jew. It will mix liberals with conservatives and somehow make trade unionists, Negroes and civil libertarians reasonably happy without seriously upsetting industrialists, moderate segregationists and the American Legion. It must, to some extent, pay off political debts and find room for at least one member whose real function lies in party management rather than government. This is usually the Postmaster-General, who as a rule is more adept at delivering the vote than delivering the mail. And in addition, the Cabinet must be picked with an eye to its being strong or weak, depending on whether the President hopes to let his subordinates do the governing, as they did under Coolidge and Eisenhower, or prefers, on the Roosevelt model, to run the show himself.

Kennedy's first few appointments, the easy ones, were almost certainly made with some of these special requirements in mind. Having ardently promoted Kennedy's candidacy from the very start, Governor Ribicoff of Connecticut was sure to be included, on the combined grounds of political services rendered, Jewish representation and proven executive skill. Ribicoff wisely rejected the job of Attorney-General, in which his religion might have proved a complicating factor in the fight for integration, choosing instead to head the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Governor Hodges of North Carolina, a mild segregationist who accepts the inevitable, helped to keep the South in line for Kennedy. As Secretary of Commerce he should not only satisfy a regional requirement but relieve the fiscally conservative minds of his party. On the other hand, Representative Stewart Udall, the chosen Secretary of the Interior, is a militant liberal who occasionally wears the cowboy boots of his native Arizona but who also reads the NEW STATESMAN. It takes all kinds to make an American Cabinet.

Moscow

Squeezing the Private Owner

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The Mossoviet is taking a series of measures which when completed will severely restrict those opportunities still open to Soviet citizens who wish to 'eat without working' and thus offend against a principle being applied more consistently as the USSR moves out of an era of austerity. Egalitarian ideas are being more heavily stressed as living standards rise. There is a larger private sector in the ownership and exploitation of property than is generally realized abroad – indeed, it has been expanding in the past few years – and it is there that the new measures are aimed.

The granting of loans for the construction of private houses in and near the city has been discontinued, and the funds that have been hitherto expended for this purpose are now being invested in state housing programmes. Land on the outskirts of Moscow is no longer to be distributed for private allotments and many of these plots, on which working people have built modest summer-houses, are being 'collectivized' – a measure that is causing some resentment. The local authorities have been instructed not to register the transfer of country houses – *datchas* – between private owners, and it is only a matter of time before those who own both a flat and a datcha within the recently extended borders of the city will have to give up one or the other.

These and similar steps are held to be entirely in keeping with the present accelerated drive towards a Communist society, which includes a big expansion of the public sector in housing, transport and holiday resorts. *Communist* wrote recently on this subject: 'The acquisition and possession by workers of real estate as well as of privately owned vehicles – that is, of property which can be used for deriving unearned income – is not in keeping with the prospects of our society's progress.' The inclusion of private cars in the list of things that a conscientious, class-conscious worker should not own is, on first sight, surprising, for the small but expanding Soviet automobile industry is about to produce a baby car – the 'Zaporozhets'. Krushchev himself, however, has on more than one occasion argued that there is a lack of economic logic in placing cars in private hands. Let the workers enjoy the use of self-drive hired cars when they have the time and the desire to use them, and let the state maintain and service them! So now a larger proportion of car output is being earmarked for hire; taxi fares are coming down, and the cost of private cars continues to rise. A significant sign: very few private garages are being built in the new housing estates.

But there is another reason for restricting private car ownership. If one travels in Russia by road, one discovers the existence of a highly-developed network of private carriers competing with the public sector. Even in Moscow, taxi-drivers have often to compete for fares with private car owners.

Thus the campaign against the allotment, the *datcha* with rooms to let, the private car plying the highways for fares, is part of a more general one against private-ownership trends in general, trends which affect a very broad section of society.

NEXT WEEK

Woman's Place?

by BARBARA WOOTTON

Owing to Christmas arrangements, next week's NEW STATESMAN *will be published on Thursday, 24 hours earlier than usual.*

Universities

Tide of Change

NORMAN MACKENZIE *writes:* Are the British universities prepared for the flood-tide of students that will reach them in the next few years? There is a good deal of glib talk about the expected expansion to a total of 175,000 by 1970 – a dramatic increase of 75 per cent in one decade – but every time the subject is discussed it leads to deep disagreements about the future. It seems easier to acquire new numbers than discard old ideas. More money, more buildings, even more universities can be provided by the government, if it wishes, but it is the universities themselves that must develop the new attitudes and techniques to cope with this expansion, and ensure that higher education will not become a confused jumble of universities, university colleges, the new three-year teacher training colleges and the equally new colleges of advanced technology that are being created.

This prospect is the reason why Sir David Eccles is setting up a committee to inquire into the whole pattern of higher education. But both the striking address given by Sir Geoffrey Crowther at the LSE last week, and the talks at the Home Universities Conference, emphasise the unenviable task facing this committee. There are some who believe that the universities must be drastically reformed

if Britain is not to go disastrously short of graduates ten years from now, and that reform must also break down some of the walls which separate the various forms of higher education. Sir Geoffrey, holding this view, thinks that entrance should be made much easier, that the standard of the first degree should be lower – and specialization come at the next stage – and that academics should work a good deal harder at teaching.

Such problems were taken up by the seminar organised recently near Windsor by *Universities Quarterly* and the Gulbenkian Foundation. The distinguished group at this informal conference under the chairmanship of Sir Charles Morris was concerned only with certain aspects of this emergency, but it did come to grips with two of them – how to ensure that increasing numbers led, not to a conveyor-belt lecture system, but to closer staff-student association, and what should be the proper relation between a university and the community it serves.

The tide of change is already flowing round Oxbridge and Redbrick, and setting in the direction of the new university at Brighton, where the experimental proposals of the vice-chancellor, Mr J. S. Fulton, will be closely watched as a test-case of reform. For Brighton is seeking to break down traditional divisions between subjects, to expand rapidly, and yet to preserve the standards and concepts of the older universities.

Yet, before Brighton can prove itself, decisions must be taken about other new universities. Will Norwich and York prove as enterprising? Are they, indeed, the right kind of place for new universities? The attractions of an old centre where a cathedral, a theatre, an orchestra or a good public library serve as an agreeable cultural backcloth may be considerable. But it may be important – for scientists at least – to be within 'engagement distance' of a large industrial complex.

There is also the question of size. Mr Fulton believes that the critical number of staff for a creative explosion is 300, and given a staff-student ration of 1:10 this means about 3,000 students. But this is already bigger than universities that have been established for years. Where is the staff to come from, even if the money is there to pay them? Some can be found by raiding older foundations. But this may only intensify the present problem, for the hierarchy of esteem among the universities as a whole and among individual faculties has created pockets which are well-known academic slums; robbing Peter of a good teacher to help Paul is no long-term solution.

Westminster

Foot in the Door

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes*: What now? Labour abstentions from the division after this week's defence debate were too massive either to be disciplined or to be ignored. The idea of expelling some 70 Labour members would occur only to maniacs – and one can take it that the Parliamentary Labour Party is free of them. The idea of ploughing steadily on with a policy which had provoked such a revolt would occur only to fools.

This revolt was different in kind from the one which took place earlier in the year on the same subject. Then, so it seemed to me, the motion put down by the Opposition front bench could reasonably have been accepted by the dissidents. It was Mr Hugh Gaitskell's winding-up speech, putting the arguments for an independent British nuclear deterrent, which fired so many into abstention. This week, however, Labour front-bench speakers were carefully unprovocative. Mr. George Brown got through his speech without raising even murmurs of dissent from his own side. For that matter he raised few murmurs of dissent from his opponents. Perhaps both sides had some difficulty in deciding what his speech meant; and this may well have been Brown's intention. Gaitskell himself concentrated with vigour on the inadequacy of Tory policy; and on this line his speech seemed all the more effective when the House had had time to brood over the defence put up for the government by Mr Harold Watkinson and Mr Ted Heath. Such nice people, these two; and the latter had such a good reputation as Chief Whip. But then he did not have to open his mouth, at least in public. Surely after their performances this week both will now be transferred to less exacting fields – as welfare officers, perhaps, in the Tory Central Office. No, there was nothing specific in the speeches this time which caused the revolt.

The root of the trouble was the wording of the opposition motion. The Parliamentary Committee appears genuinely to have believed that this motion was conciliatory. Unilateralists and others on the left found it offensive and wishy-washy at one and the same time. That phrase about 'undue reliance on nuclear weapons' seemed to have been borrowed from some Liberal fence-sitter; the references to Polaris pleased neither those multilateralist Scots who want the base provided it is not in Scotland, nor those unilateralists who do not want it anywhere; and the pleas for greater political control over nuclear weapons in Nato, though they sounded sense, excited nobody by the time Mr Michael Foot had finished with them.

Foot, coming immediately after Watkinson, had a full House and a surprising amount of goodwill, which was not solely due to sympathy over the loss of his father. His parliamentary manner has quietened somewhat in the five years he has been away and there is more fun about it. On the day's performance I would say that he has not yet played himself in – Mr Anthony Greenwood's speech was probably more effective – but at least one point – a vital one – was driven right home. If you want political control over nuclear weapons, said Foot, your deterrent is bound to be ineffective. If you want your deterrent to be effective, you must submit to a military dictatorship and, in present circumstances, to a foreign military dictatorship at that. I heard no answer to this.

Foot, as I say, filled the Chamber. How often he will be able to do that again, and what effect he will have if he does, I cannot say. But it is certain that his return to the House has created a new situation inside the Parliamentary Labour Party. In recent years, the left of that party has been ineffective, in the House and outside, mainly because it had no leader of national standing. Today it has one. Now that they have to reckon with Foot's fighting qualities, the right are less likely, even if they are so minded, to make a set even at those left-wingers whose indiscretions make them peculiarly liable to expulsion. Even more important, the vigour and greater sense of unity which Foot seems to have installed into the left may well give the right a sense of the political stupidity of adamantine intransigence. Did one detect something of this in the tone and manner, if not the matter, of Gaitskell's own speech? If so, there is still hope.

Fleet Street

The Beaver Boys

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* The *Daily Express* claim that wherever there is a crisis Expressmen are 'in the front line' has been justified in Algiers. Ian Aitken's dispatch on Sunday's massacre was much the most vivid and most detailed in any newspaper – secured, moreover, at considerable personal risk. This is one good reason, among others not so good, for the paper's remarkable continued success. It has just announced a new record circulation of over 4,276,000.

By reporting what they went out and saw for themselves in the hottest parts of the fighting the two *Express* correspondents in Algiers gave a clearer account than any of the others of how the French paratroopers conducted themselves. What did actually happen? According to the *Telegraph*, French troops, finding themselves surrounded by a 'large and menacing group of Moslems', ignored strict orders and opened fire. The paratroops 'took up positions on the terraces above the hills and every now and then fired shots into the air. But some of the crowd below were wounded'. The *Guardian's* correspondent, Clare Hollingworth, was even more restrained. In a report very short on direct personal observation, when compared with the *Express*, or the *Mail*, she apparently put 'the sudden worsening of the position' entirely down to the fact that 'the Moslem population have shaken off all restraint'. No mention at all was made of the fact which was emphasised by *The Times* correspondent, in a careful if not very vivid report, that 'the Moslem demonstrations in Algiers began after a day of rioting by the Europeans in the centre of the town'. Moreover, in what was, one must presume, although carrying the same dateline, a report dispatched earlier in the day, Clare Hollingworth informed *Guardian* readers that the behaviour of the French Army had been 'exemplary' and indicated that they would 'maintain their present strict discipline' although the paratroopers 'affronted by the open emergence of the FLN elements among the Moslems' might find restraint less easy. For a factual first person account of what they did when thus 'affronted' one turned to the *Express* or *Mail*.

Having congratulated the *Express* on its foreign reporting it seems a pity that its home news desk is not equally as keen on publishing the news. The other side of the *Express* – the side that take the view that what it does not like isn't news – was disclosed when the announcement of the new campaign against capital punishment with Lord Harewood taking a prominent role was made. Alone, so far as I have been able to check among newspapers, the *Express*, one of the chief newspaper advocates of hanging, did not publish a single line of this. The *Mail* gave it a long report with four-column headlines on the front page, and the *Herald* nearly as much on page two. Even *The Times* – no enthusiast for such causes – gave it a quarter of a column. But the *Express* does not like its readers to be disturbed by inconvenient news of the attitude and activities of those who disagree with it. A leading article announced flatly that the public 'believes that every cold-blooded murderer should hang and that if the present law is to be changed it should be made sterner not more lenient' Its news editor should petition for some of the freedom its foreign reporters have.

The Algiers Massacre

K. S. KAROL

Since last Friday, virtually every politically-conscious Frenchman has been hanging over his wireless-set, listening to the news bulletins from Algiers. The rest – the great majority – have been content with the massive headlines in the special issues of newspapers. All have followed the convulsions in Algeria like a desperately exciting football match – with all the impotence of spectators. Although their political future is at stake, the Parisians have no more thought of taking an active part in the struggle than a fan at the Colombes Stadium has of invading the pitch. The private radio network, Europe No. 1, sent a first-rate team of reporters to Algiers, and hour by hour they have described the exact position of the mobs and the riot police – against a living background of screams and the blast of grenades. In every café, this is the dominant topic. 'Those CRS are brutal bastards in France, but they must be pulling their punches down there. If they used their big *batons*, those young rascals would soon be scuttling back to their mothers'. 'The Europeans in Algiers must be pretty pleased with themselves. Fancy not being put off by the sight of all those coppers!' 'What about the Army, that's what I want to know. They're just standing by, not taking sides'. So it went on – the classic debate between 'Cafe de Commerce strategists'.

But on Sunday, things became serious. For a new mob had stepped onto the stage: the Algerian people. An Arab explosion was the last thing anyone expected – proof indeed of the way in which French opinion has been effectively brainwashed by the press and the government-controlled TV and radio. Of course, everyone knew that the FLN still hung out in the hills, and even staged the occasional ambush at night: but they'd also been told that 'General Massu has won the battle of Algiers', that in all the big towns, the FLN had been wiped out.

But it was precisely in Algiers and Oran – the great 'pacified' cities – that the Arab population staged a *levée en masse*, pouring into the streets with their FLN flags, and their screams of *'Abbas au pouvoir!' 'Vive l'Algérie indépendante'* and *'Yahia El Djezair!'* (for more than half of these 'Frenchmen' can only speak Arabic). Within minutes, it was no longer the Europeans but the Arabs who dominated the city streets; within minutes, too, they were faced not with patient policemen, but with paratroopers.

This time, there was no nonsense about tear-gas bombs. Fire was opened immediately, and the battle of the streets became a massacre. Thomas F. Brady, of the *New York Times*, one of the most experienced foreign reporters in North Africa, related: 'One paratrooper said to this reporter while his fellows were firing: "The more we kill, the better. They deserve it".' Evidently, they shot to kill.

Nobody knows the exact death-roll of last Sunday's massacre. With the imposition of censorship, official figures (81 dead) are the only ones available – and even the Government-General in Algeria admits they are an 'approximate evaluation'. Nevertheless, the exploits of the parachutists failed to discourage the young Arabs from demonstrating again on Monday morning, and from holding out in the Casba under the flags of the FLN. All these facts are known in Paris. If such a butchery had occurred in South Africa or Guatemala, I'm certain that a vast movement of protest would have sprung up in France, that the left-wing parties and unions would have held massive meetings. On Monday morning, I waited to see what liberal France would do. The answer: nothing. Liberal France has a softer spot 'for murdered foreigners than for murdered 'Frenchmen'. This is a sad confirmation of the central fact in current French politics: apart from de Gaulle and the Army, no political force feels capable of intervening in Algeria.

As for the two principal antagonists – the President of the Republic and the Army command in Algeria – they both tried to play the role of a Machiavelli, and both emerged weakened from the bloody ruin of Algiers. For a long time the Army chiefs have warned de Gaulle that his trip to Algeria was madness. He would not listen. He told his entourage: 'The Arabs are for me, and they will give me an ovation when I arrive'. He therefore instructed his officers to allow the Arab population to greet him. They complied, and paraded the Arabs everywhere he

A LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU

stopped. But if a few Arabs – following Army instructions – shouted '*Algérie Algérienne*', many more cried '*Algérie Musulmane*'.

The Army bosses, for their part, though unable to prevent de Gaulle's visit, took their revenge by allowing the *ultras* to demonstrate in the streets of Oran and Algiers; and, just as in last January, observed a strict neutrality, while the European mobs battled with the riot police. Nobody in Paris would be surprised if it turned out that senior Army officers were among those who planned the European riots.

The massacre of Algiers and Oran killed two myths – as well as Arabs. It can now be seen that the 'Arab third force', so dear to de Gaulle, exists only in his imagination. Physical, occular proof has been provided that the FLN is not a 'bunch of agitators who are trying to steal the right to decide the future of Algeria'. In fact, the FLN effectively represents the entire Arab population, and commands its total allegiance. As for the second myth – *l'Algérie française*, the mindless slogan of the ultras and their allies in the Army – it was buried along with the corpses of last Sunday. After this, not even the most naive Frenchman can believe that 'the great majority' of the Arabs want to stay French.

These events have confirmed – at a tragic cost, alas – that there is only one solution for Algeria: direct talks between France and the FLN on the minimum guarantees for a referendum to decide the country's future. It remains to be seen whether the French nation is capable of arising from its torpor and insisting that de Gaulle, as well as the Army, finally accepts this realistic view. Perhaps, as a result of the past week, even de Gaulle's eyes will be opened, he will abandon his concept of a 'peace without the FLN', and agree to sit down at the same table with Ferhat Abbas. But if he does so, he will have more need than ever of the backing of the French people; he will have to realise that he is no longer 'the only man who incarnates France', and become the leader of a vast popular movement which alone can exact obedience from the Army.

The Revolt of the Crofters

W. JOHN MORGAN

After astonishment at the beauty of the scenery, my most powerful reaction to the Highlands of Scotland was always amazement at the subservience of the crofting people, at their seemingly endless desire to touch their forelocks to the Lovats and the rest of the great landowners. But now, suddenly, as the snow begins to fall on the desolate landscapes and the tourists become a lean memory, events are marching and the crofters of Sutherland and Western Ross are beginning to stand up for themselves. What is even more important, they have succeeded for the first time in winning the substantial support of Lowland opinion. There are signs that even the enormously wealthy landowners, some of them industrialists who look for pleasure to the Highlands and Islands, are growing uneasy.

What has stirred the crofters is their disappointment with the Crofters Commission. Feelings were already high about the selfish behaviour of landowners, but the belief existed that the commission would take the crofters' side against them. This now looks unlikely, so that demands for new land are scarcely expected to be met in the government's imminent proposals for the Highlands. And now, on top of these factors, it has emerged that a group of industrialists are gunning for the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board, a publicly-owned body which the crofters have always regarded as the main hope of attracting industry to their lonely part of the world. 'We believe that the powers that be want to make this an empty national park', as one crofter put it to me.

To the stranger the situation appears almost unbelievable. For example, a crofter may want to enlarge his holding by the purchase or renting of nearby waste-land. But the landowners usually refuse permission for reasons which are seldom articulated. The uses to which the lairds put their property, however, make it clear that the crofters are right when they say the landowners are more interested in salmon, grouse and deer than in the livelihood of the people. Even crofters who, with the encouragement of the government, try to eke out a living by catering for the tourist traffic find themselves faced with extraordinary opposition. This summer there have been cases of crofters who have put up caravans on their land only to have landlords seeking a percentage of the takings. One crofter defied the factor to sue him and won his delaying action. Another group set up a caravan site on their common grazing land, built lavatories and kept an eye on litter, as prescribed. Of the half-crown a night they charged tourists, they had to pay one shilling to the landlord – a wealthy industrialist from the south.

The power of the landlords is almost total; their estates are enormous. What has staggered Scottish opinion, which too easily swallowed the mystique of the romantic Highlands, are the statistics of landownership unearthed with difficulty and great diligence by Mr Michael Grieve of the Scottish *Daily Express*. According to Mr Grieve, the Duchess of Westminster owns 70,000 acres and her daughter 30,000. On this land 120 stags are shot annually: there are no crofters. Lord Lovat has 200,000 acres, on which there are only 150 crofts. The number of stags shot is also 150. Lord and Lady Rootes have 10,000 acres at Glenalmond with 3,000 sheep, 150 cattle and a fair amount of space for shooting and fishing. They also have a 13,000-acre deer forest in Sutherland. The Duke of Atholl has 120,000 acres. The list goes on and on, down to syndicates of sportsmen who buy enormous acreages, the unspeakable, to amend Oscar Wilde, in pursuit of the edible. Mr Grieve concluded his enquiry by noting that in the Highlands there are '196 deer forests, without productive timber, totalling more than 3 million acres; there are 1,400-odd grouse moors; and there are also hundreds of thousands of acres producing nothing, which once supported thousands'.

Of course, some landowners are better than others. But the crofters who see, on the one hand, the rich periodically stalking their game, and on the other poignant spectacles like the deserted crofts along the strand at Achiltibuie, that strange township of bachelors, believe that the lairds are not interested in preserving Highland communities. This they expected the Commission to do, but the 1959 report of that body, on which the government is expected to base its new legislation, has embittered them. They say that the report makes no mention of supplementary occupations for crofters – which it was expected to. A Lewis crofter read some of its sentences to me. 'Britain is in no mood for daring innovations; she is in a period of rueful stocktaking rather than expansion'. And: 'It serves no purpose for anyone to fulminate against the government or the Crofters' Commission'. He commented derisively: 'Governments usually invent their own excuses without sycophantic assistance. We're told not only to accept inaction but also not to protest about it'.

The Commission's principal suggestion has been for a new law making it possible to amalgamate crofts in order to create economic units which would then, one presumes, be worked by young men. But the leading crofting authority, Mr R. A. Mackenzie, believes that there is no scope for making many more economic units from crofting land. He has now resigned from the Commission. The crofters certainly are going to resist this suggestion because in their view it will stimulate a new drift from the Highlands. From a more romantic point of view, they feel it will destroy the nature of the crofting communities. What they want is new land and in answer to the customary argument of the landowners' lobby that available land is infertile, they point to the seeding experiments in Lewis which successfully redeemed 'waste' land.

Their other desire – and here one sees the Commission's difficulties – is for new industries. It is scarcely the paranoia of the Celtic fringe when the crofters see in the current attacks on the Hydro-Electric Board a conspiracy designed to defeat their interests. These attacks take the familiar Highland form. The Hydro Board has been the chief instrument in raising social and economic standards in the north since the war. Its work has infuriated some landlords since it has drowned areas where salmon leaped and deer ran. So that when a body suddenly emerges called the Scottish Power Investigation Committee no one doubts its function.

Of the Power Investigation Committee the Highland Fund has trenchantly remarked that it 'has a membership which looks neither impartial nor unbiased . . . has no status or powers other than those abrogated to themselves'. What the crofters would like is a committee which investigates the landlords. They might seem to have little prospect of winning this or their other demands from one of the most powerful pressure-groups in Britain, which beside wealth possesses the advantage of supplying Downing Street with one of its Walter Mitty dreams. But at least the crofters are now making themselves heard.

This England

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London Diary

CRITIC

So now we have the CMD – the Campaign for Multilateral Disarmament, formed by supporters of Mr Gaitskell. This is no doubt intended as a smart gimmick to lead people into thinking that this front organisation is in some way comparable with that other Campaign. There is no point of comparison. The nuclear disarmers had no Parliamentary Labour Party facilities for distributing their propaganda, and they did not form, as Gaitskell is forming, a 'party within a party' to fight a majority decision of the party conference. They had and have an honest defence policy for Britain and their appeal is above party and to all sane people. They of course demand multilateral disarmament – upon which they are in agreement with Mr Macmillan, Mr Krushchev and, no doubt, Mr Gaitskell. The distinctive point about CMD – which had its first meeting in the House this week – is that it is not seeking to put pressure on the government or to rouse public opinion or even to make Labour a militant force. Labour's chance to push a genuine disarmament campaign was missed in 1958 when most of those who are active in the CND were ready to back the joint Labour-TUC campaign for disarmament that was allowed to fizzle out after one meeting. Now that an attack is to be mounted against those who accepted the Scarborough decisions, a sudden enthusiasm for disarmament has apparently seized even those who fought in turn for British rearmament, German rearmament, the independent British deterrent, Blue Streak and, it seems, Polaris. As a disarmament gesture I should find their conversion more convincing if they had first decided to bury their hatchets.

★ ★ ★

I was interested to read, in last Friday's *Daily Express*, a report from Chapman Pincher, the paper's science editor, who is often well informed on defence matters. 'After weeks of delving in Cape Canaveral, Washington and London', he was able to reveal that the Polaris submarine had 'built-in weaknesses, which the Russians will undoubtedly exploit'. These facts, as readers will remember, were first published in this journal over a month ago – and unsuccessfully challenged by that well-known student of strategy, Mr Alastair Buchan. But Mr Pincher has several interesting tit-bits to add. He states that the submarine must come near the surface in order to acknowledge receipt of radio instructions to fire – which confirms our argument that the submarine is highly vulnerable at precisely the moment before it goes into action. He also expresses alarm at the prospect of incidents arising from the Polaris patrols. Two US submarines, he says, have already been detected in Soviet territorial waters and forced to surface. They were then allowed to depart peacefully – but they were not, of course, equipped with 16 H-bomb missiles. If a Polaris submarine were similarly detected, the Russians might well be tempted to destroy it, as they did the U-2 -and RB47, and then, as Pincher says, 'Britain would be involved in an international incident of great danger'. This should be a sobering thought for British ministers, who have not even insisted that the sailing orders of the submarines should be approved before they leave Holy Loch base.

'Dear Critic...

I JUST missed my train in Charing Cross tube station because the gentleman walking up the narrow stairs in front of me was so engrossed in the NEW STATESMAN. It was bad for me but, I thought, quite good for your journal. Yours sincerely, a City Worker.' This letter from a reader reminds us that many more gentlemen (not to mention ladies and other non-gentlemen) might become engrossed if they were introduced to the NEW STATESMAN. Why not, in fact, give your friends an introductory subscription to the NEW STATESMAN this Christmas?

The NEW STATESMAN Christmas Gift Subscription scheme is simple and inexpensive. We will send the NEW STATESMAN to a *new reader* at any address in the world for an initial six months (26 issues) at the reduced rate of twelve shillings and sixpence – HALF the usual rate. Moreover, we will charge only thirty shillings for three such subscriptions, and at the rate of ten shillings per subscription in excess of three.

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I have in front of me a horrifying document in which is a description of wholesale rape of women by Congolese soldiers. I have also a far more horrifying document. For this is an account in which rape is so frequent as to be scarcely worth while mentioning. The main emphasis is laid on the massacre and multilation of thousands of Congolese when they were at the mercy of King Leopold of the Belgians. The account is given in a satirical pamphlet, which is among the lesser-known works of Mark Twain. It is called *King Leopold's Soliloquy*. The photographs tell their own story. They are the indisputable evidence of the ghastly punishment of Africans who didn't gather as much rubber as King Leopold demanded. The usual punishment was to cut off a hand or foot. It is now commonly forgotten that in the early years of this century King Leopold, who posed as a philanthropist and gave large sums of money to the church and generous donations to the arts and sciences, was the sole owner of the Belgian Congo and reaped a huge personal fortune from his estates. Just how many people, men and women, were actually murdered at his orders we shall, I suppose, never know. E. D. Morel, writing in 1907, said the population was reduced by at least 3 million during the ten previous years. The number whose hands and feet were cut off must remain even more doubtful. In one small region, the Mambioa Concession, there is direct evidence of more than 6,000 people being killed or mutilated in six months. This must be about the most terrible fully authenticated story in the whole history of Imperialism. How many people when they read of the savagery of the Congolese soldiers of today recall these facts? Some of those who raped Belgian women in the last few months are probably the grandchildren, if not the children, of those who were punished for trying to escape from Leopold's butchers.

★ ★ ★

Among the brilliant part-historical and part-autobiographical books written by American journalists in the thirties – including Vincent Sheean, Edgar Mowrer and Knickerbocker – Negley Farson's *The Way of a Transgressor* was the most perceptive and powerful. The 'big Swede', as he was called, never lost his sense of the dramatic or his desire for adventure, nor did he lose, up to the last, his desire to go beyond description and to understand the social meaning of the events he watched. This was true of his first-hand observations of revolutionary Russia in 1917; it was also true when he lived with a gun, fishing rod and typewriter by a Vancouver lake, explored Europe by way of its rivers and canals, or travelled widely in Africa by any route available. The signed row of his books on my shelves are among my most treasured possessions. In the first world war he joined the RFC and smashed up a leg by crashing in the Egyptian desert. He refused all expert advice to have his leg amputated and for the rest of his life had a hole in it big enough to see through. On his beloved Devon shore he used to stand and let the Atlantic wash through it. It would be easy to write at length about Negley Farson. He was an extraordinary creature, but never in the years I have known him have I doubted that he was a great man.

★ ★ ★

Three men, remarkable for exerting influence without seeking publicity, have become octogenarians in the last few weeks. One is Sir Malcolm Darling, whose work as the founder of cooperation in Indian villages has been much too easily forgotten. The second is Leonard Woolf, who has devoted much of his life behind the scenes to international and Labour causes, wrote a classic exposure of imperialism in Africa, wrote the first of the books that converted Woodrow Wilson to the idea of the League, was author of the best novel ever written by a colonial civil servant and the best autobiography of 1960. The third is R. H. Tawney, who came last week to what was to be a small dinner-party of friends, and found 150 distinguished and less distinguished people anxious to pay tribute to him as the greatest living Socialist, one of the best living historians and teachers, a champion of the trade union movement, and among other things, the man who revealed the possibilities of the WEA. No one recalled his early career as a journalist – a career which began when he wrote leaders (would you believe it?) in the *Morning Post* during one of its rare lucid intervals. In his long reply to congratulatory speeches, he somehow forgot to mention himself. Once, many years ago, I remembered his saying to me that he annually read Meredith's *The Egoist*, in order to remind himself of what he was really like. And the odd thing is that, coming from Tawney, I knew he meant exactly what he said.

★ ★ ★

Please, why White? What is the psychological basis of its prestige? White Ensign (entirely English), white men (mainly English), white Christmas (seldom English), white feather (never English), white snow (symbolic purity), whiter than white (ITV). Lady Macbeth – the first advertiser of detergents. Think of all those thousands of black Africans and brownish Asians engaged, as someone said, in breaking stones with starched shirts. I feel revolted at the waste of labour and money in trying to achieve whiteness. I propose an off-white campaign. Offer than white, offest of off. Why not pinker than off and bluer than off? As a slogan for the advertiser of the future what about: 'Banish anaemia from your clothes. Keep the dirt in'?

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Many of the tinned goods are not sold elsewhere in London and customers admit that they get a thrill from watching the Fortnum van draw up before the house, even if it is bringing nothing but a packet of digestive biscuits. – *Guardian*. (Betty Winter.)

I trust it has been noticed that diligent business executives have been asking for longer hours, via an earlier start for the Midland Pullman, while the general clamour among the working community is for shorter and shorter hours. – Letter in *Guardian*. (Duncan Rutter.)

On Saturday the traffic in Plymouth was very heavy and when I saw a little girl hesitating at the kerb I said: 'Would you like me to see you across the road?' Sharply she replied: 'If you speak to me I'll tell a policeman.' – Letter in *Daily Express*. (Denis D. Constable.)

If Miss Carol Grey marries Mr Charles Grenville I know of five people in my office at least who will never listen to *The Archers* again. – Letter in *Radio Times*. (F. Heilborn.)

I cut my nails on Mondays, and have done so for years. Never once has it failed to bring me a gift. – Letter in *Scottish Daily Express*. (John Murphy.)

Restocking the Seas

C. M. YONGE

It is in the seas, we are told, that an increasing world population must seek an added food supply. One way of securing this could be to improve on nature, as man early learnt to do on land, by judicious transplantation of edible animals. Stimulated possibly by their success in increasing productivity in the Caspian, the Russians are now engaged in ambitious schemes involving movement of both salmon and crabs from Asiatic to European waters.

A species of Pacific salmon, the pink or humpback (*Oncorhynchus gorbuscha*) has recently been extensively caught around Iceland and off the coast of Norway, while odd specimens have been taken off the east of Scotland. These fish, it now appears, have come from the Kola Peninsula to the west of the White Sea. There, over the past four years, eggs have been flown from Sakhalin Island, north of Japan. After a few months' growth the hatched fry were released into the rivers to make their way into Arctic waters.

The various kinds of Pacific salmon differ widely from the Atlantic species both in structure and habits. Although all spawn in freshwater, the adults then invariably die, while the young remain for usually less than a year, passing into the sea to range widely and feed voraciously before, in their turn, returning to spawn and die. The humpback has the simplest life history of all. It spawns near the mouths of rivers, and the young move into the sea while still under a year old and invariably return to spawn in the autumn of their second year. Its life is complete before our own salmon have even left fresh water.

In other words this is an ideal fish to transplant. After leaving the hatchery it suffers only brief exposure to the hazards of river life before migrating into the ocean with its rich food of plankton, squid and small fishes. Immediate acclimatization to Arctic and North Atlantic waters is revealed by the numbers so widely caught. Moreover fish appear to be returning to the rivers of the Kola Peninsular for spawning. This is a far less predictable occurrence.

This Russian success is not, however, unprecedented. It is now over half a century since, after numerous unsuccessful attempts, another species of Pacific salmon, the much larger Quinnat or Chinook (*O. tschawytscha*) was acclimatized in New Zealand. Transport here was over greater distance and long before the coming of aeroplanes. This salmon is now well established in the southern hemisphere, breeding in the rivers of the east coast of South Island and growing to maturity, when it may be up to seven years old, in the waters of the South Pacific.

The eggs of the giant Pacific 'king' crab are also apparently being transported to Europe by the Russians. This stone coloured spider crab is the largest, and probably economically the most important, of all such animals and is extensively fished in the North Pacific by Americans, Japanese and Russians, being marketed both canned and frozen. It is the source of the excellent Russian tinned crab sold in this country. Crabs make no extensive migrations and if conditions of shelter, food and temperature are suitable the adults might easily be acclimatised.

What could go wrong is the course of local

SOUTH AFRICA

DESPERATE NEED FOR FURTHER HELP

The BISHOP OF JOHANNESBURG says

"Although Sharpeville was not an isolated incident in recent South African history it focused the attention of millions of people all over the world upon the fears and frustrations, the resentment and hatred engendered by the implementation of the policy of apartheid. Sharpeville was only one of the many tragic consequences of the desperate endeavours to preserve what is called 'white civilisation'." **(Shooting at Sharpeville)**

TRAGIC CONSEQUENCES OF APARTHEID

Treason Trial

Zeerust

Sekhukhuneland

Windhoek **Cato Manor**

Sharpeville **State of Emergency**

Pondoland

These are only some of the best known of the "tragic consequences" of apartheid – there are many others. Each has meant untold suffering and hardship for many, particularly among Africans – broken homes, refugees, abandoned and fatherless children, and widespread distress and destitution. Those who protest against and attempt to alleviate these intolerable conditions also suffer. The Bishop of Johannesburg is deported. Mr. Patrick Duncan is imprisoned and fined. Mr. Alan Paton has his passport taken from him. The present South African government seeks to discredit and harm all, white as well as black, who dare to resist it.

At least another **£200,000** is urgently needed to bring relief to the victims of the policy of apartheid, to provide proper legal defence for those who are arrested or detained, and to keep the conscience of the world alive to the issues at stake.

On behalf of the sponsors of the national **Defence and Aid Fund** we — members of the **Advisory Committee of Sponsors** — beg you with all our hearts to respond to this appeal.

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sea currents which might carry the surface dwelling young stages into depths or regions where the adults could not live. Some such fate certainly seems to have overtaken the progeny of series of consignments of European lobsters fruitlessly released along New Zealand coasts. Better success in this new venture could enrich the resources of north European waters.

All such transplanted animals face the problems of establishing themselves throughout all stages of an often complex life history in an inconstant medium of moving seas. It is easier to move inshore animals, such as oysters and clams, across oceans and to transplant growing fish over relatively short distances. The Danes have long done this with plaice, which they transplant from their western to their richer eastern fishing grounds and also to the Dogger Bank where a dense population of highly edible bivalves produces spectacular growth in the fish.

The most unusual and most successful transplantation was carried out by the Russians from 1939 to 1941 in the Caspian Sea. This vast inland sea, five times the size of Lake Superior, was once a part of the ocean and its waters are still about a third as salty as those of the sea. The population is unique, part former marine, and part former freshwater, animals and now able to live in a medium once foreign to both. Such an assemblage is apt to be incomplete, to lack members able to exploit all available conditions, especially on the bottom.

To meet such lack on the silty bottom the Russians introduced a small bristle worm found in similar conditions in the Azov and Black Seas. Less than ten years later these worms covered an area of over 30,000 square kilometres at densities of approaching 2,000 per square metre. They fed on substances before unexploited and lived under conditions unsupportable by the original inhabitants. They had attained third place in importance amongst the bottom animals and formed a major part of the food of fish, especially of the sturgeons which feed almost exclusively upon them.

Similar increase in productivity by filling a gap in population is inherently much less probable in the sea, although some control and modification of the fauna may be possible especially in partially enclosed waters which, like the Bay of Arcachon in France, may be the scene of spectacularly intense aquiculture. With the growing accumulation of precise knowledge about the sea and its inhabitants, possibilities open for the rational exploitation of marine resources.

The Education of Charles III

KINGSLEY MARTIN

The problem of educating the royal heir and harnessing his perhaps wayward fancies to the restricted life that awaits him has been tackled in a variety of ways by reigning monarchs – but seldom successfully. Prevented by their exalted status from mixing with other children, princes have lived enclosed lives, been taught and supervised by private tutors and governesses, often strictly disciplined in youth, only suddenly to be released into a world of glittering opportunity and irresponsibility. Like other adolescents, they have commonly rejected their parents' way of life; their fathers, on the other hand, having positions to keep up, have viewed with marked distaste the rival establishments that inevitably grow up round the heir.

Even in modern England, where political assassination and wars of succession are no longer in fashion, the emancipated heir to the throne is likely to be surrounded by rich society people who have failed to make the grade at court. Princes, like their parents, live in a closed and yet much publicised world; their lives are highly artificial and their activities are ceaselessly photographed. To which must be added that the usual problems of adjustment between parents and adolescents are more difficult in the case of royalty because princes know that the inheritance is theirs in any case. Whatever they have done in their youth, the time will come when their mothers and sisters and aunts will curtsey to them. For these reasons it is no accident that in matters of private life princes have successfully rejected the standards of their parents, creating a pattern of alternation between what the history books used to call the 'good' and 'bad' Kings of England.

The peculiar difficulties of educating a future King are not likely to be forgotten by the present occupant of the throne. The record of past failures is too striking and too recent to be overlooked. No reason again to recall the familiar story of Edward VII's education by Albert and Victoria. Everybody now understands why he 'burst into tears' on his 17th birthday when his parents presented him with a long 'moving document' which began: 'Life is composed of duties'. On the contrary, he saw life as an opportunity of continuous amusement. Even when he grew up and outlived the proprieties which his tutors attempted to impose upon him, he was never free from what he called his mother's 'jobations' on the subjects of racing, card playing and indiscreet relations with women. His private activities, which were almost unbelievably philistine and wholly pleasure-loving, confirmed the Queen in her opinion that he was quite unfit, even at the age of forty, to take part in the government of the country. Even so, it may be held that when he ascended the throne he was better equipped from his personal acquaintances among politicians of different parties and his 'exotic friendships' in the smart set to be a King than was his impeccable son who succeeded him. Though the discipline of life as a naval officer led, in his case, to a private behaviour which was the reverse of his father's, George V was not in fact at all trained for his job. He was endowed, however, with a modesty, simple piety, and a meticulous sense of duty which made him perhaps the most successful and beloved constitutional monarch who ever sat on the throne of England.

George V was, unhappily, no better as an educationalist than Albert had been. Within the limits of his home he was a nagging martinet. Like his father, he was passionately concerned and minutely informed about detail. Margot Oxford once told me how, when she was with him, his elder son came into his presence in knickerbockers. He was sternly ordered from the room to change his clothes and report to his father when properly dressed. The story has been related that at a later date Lord Derby ventured to suggest to George V, who was his guest, that he might cultivate the friendship of his sons. George V replied, 'My father was frightened of his mother, I was frightened of my father, and, by God, my sons shall be frightened of me.'

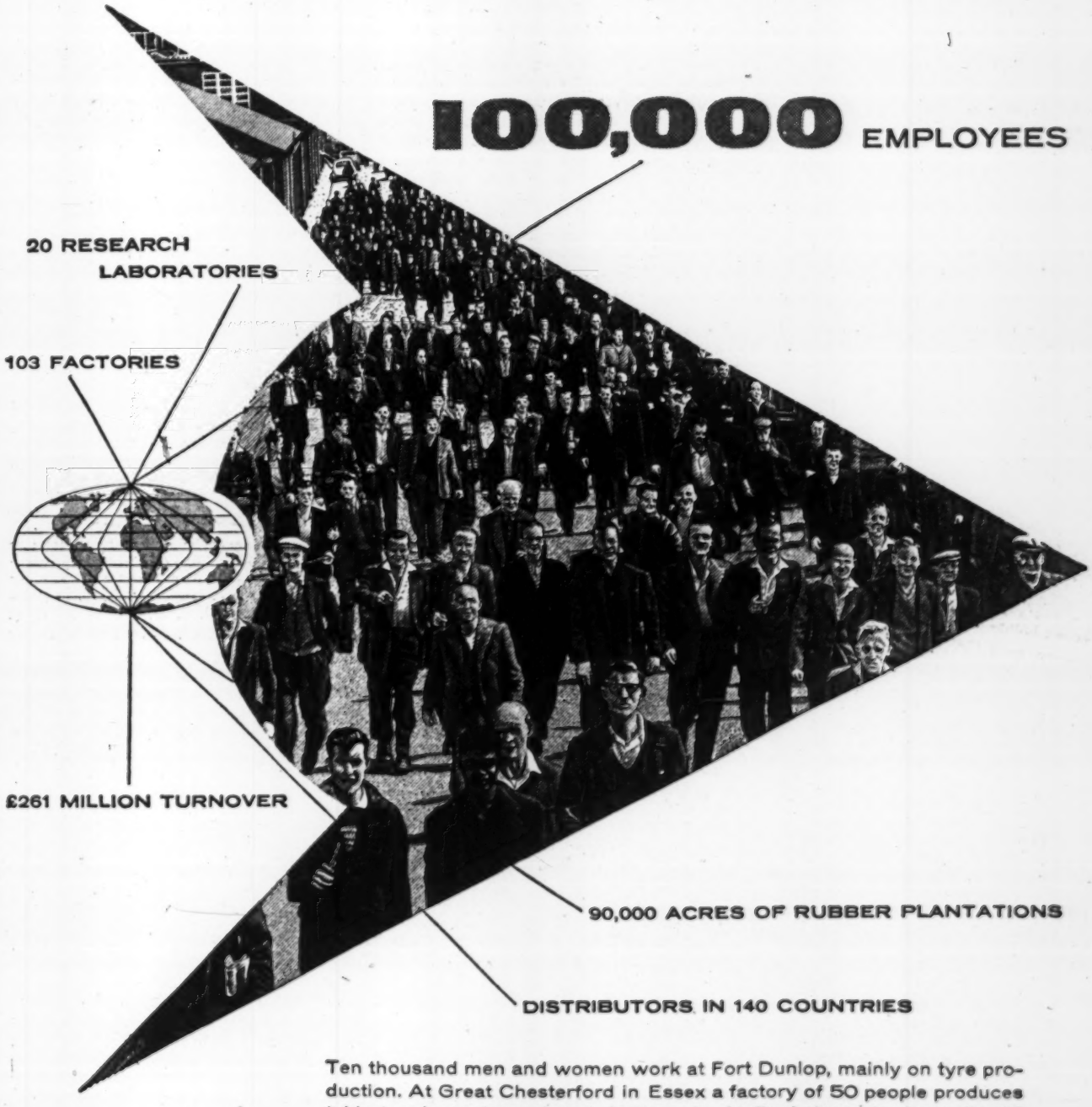
The second of his sons, who became George VI, was the sort of boy who represses criticism of his parents and grows up into something like a replica of his father. The elder boy, called David in the family and destined for a few months to be King of England, has told the story in what is probably the most illuminating book ever written about the education of princes. From the first he found the palace regime little better than a prison. Even at Oxford he was surrounded by perpetually interfering tutors. He was in revolt against his father's routine 'fixed like a planet in its orbit'; he loathed the musty smell of Buckingham Palace, and the battus where thousands of birds were shot. He saw a chance of release in the open spaces of the Commonwealth but what he regarded as the humbug of life at court, which culminated in his unsuccessful attempt to elevate Mrs Simpson to the position of Royal Consort, tilted the scales in favour of abdication.

No such psychological problems appear to have troubled the life of the present Queen. No experiments were made in her education or that of her sister Margaret. The story has been told, in no doubt lucrative detail, by their governess, Crawfie. Nor when she came to the throne, with Prince Philip by her side, did she break sharply with the traditions and conventions of court life. But unlike so many of her predecessors, she and her husband have tried fairly to face the problem of their children's education. They discarded as hopelessly out of date the often unsuccessful attempts to educate a King who would understand his contemporaries by entrusting him to the care of people who would prevent him from ever meeting them. What were the alternatives?

The Duke of Edinburgh had roots in a quite un-English background. In England, however, he shared with other boys at the unusual school of Gordonstoun a training in science and in more adventurous sports than the usual public school games. The founder of Gordonstoun, a German Jew of genius who came to England in the early days of Nazidom, had an ideal for his pupils which differed subtly from those of Arnold or Rugby. He inspired boys with the notion that if they started to climb a mountain in bad weather they must get to the top; he taught them that the hardships of sailing were preferable to success in cricket or football. He enforced his own version of the 'honour system' by an eccentric and awe-inspiring personality which was an adequate substitute for formal compulsion. It is commonly believed that the Duke wishes Prince Charles to follow him to Gordonstoun, but that he is unlikely to get his way; and that the probable choice is Eton, which happens to have an enlightened headmaster. In any case, Gordonstoun has changed since his day. It is less international in character, less unlike other public schools, and its founder has left to start a new series of Kurt Hahn schools in other places.

The problem of royal education is certainly difficult. How can a child grow up into a normal adult if the national anthem is played on his birthday and headlines announce each stage of his progress with more emphasis than they give to the deaths of a thousand people in a battle or a famine? How is he to grow up in normal relations with other boys if his first jolly experience of kicking a football is photographed on ten

BEHIND THE DUNLOP SYMBOL



Ten thousand men and women work at Fort Dunlop, mainly on tyre production. At Great Chesterford in Essex a factory of 50 people produces table-tennis equipment and dartboards. At Bankstown in Australia, 12 miles from Sydney, 1,000 people make rubber footwear. In Malaya and Nigeria 14,000 are employed on Dunlop plantations.
All these people, with their colleagues in many other countries, are the life-blood of the Dunlop organisation . . . the most valuable assets of a vigorous forward-looking company.

DUNLOP SYMBOL OF PROGRESS

million newspaper pages? About this it must, however, be added that after the first few days of unwanted publicity when Charles first went to school, the press has been persuaded not to destroy the chances of his enjoying a happy school life.

The Queen and the Duke have not lacked advice on the point, public as well as private. Lord Morrison wants the Prince to go to an ordinary Council school, 'moving onward by examination and scholarship to higher education at the university'. Even if he may not have the advantages of the ordinary rough and tumble with other boys of the middle and working class, he should certainly not go 'to Eton or to any other establishment, however excellent in itself, where he is likely to make exclusive friendships with the future leaders of one political party.' Lord Morrison, in short, wants him to go to an ordinary school and be qualified for Kingship by mixing with ordinary children.

Lord Altrincham, whose father was equerry to Edward VIII, as Prince of Wales, and later Governor of Kenya, is one of the few members of the aristocracy who is outspokenly opposed both to an exclusive or a public school education for Prince Charles. Basically, he comes to much the same conclusions as Lord Morrison. Of the Queen, who disappointed him by failing to emancipate herself from her conventional role in a class society, he writes: 'Will she have the wisdom to give her children an education very different from her own? Will she, above all, wish to see that Prince Charles is equipped with all the knowledge he can absorb without injury to his health, and that he mixes during his formative years with children who will one day be bus drivers, dockers, engineers – not merely with future landowners or stockbrokers?' Above all, as a passionate believer in the monarchy as the unifying factor in a disintegrating Commonwealth, he wants the prince to grow up equally at home in India, Canada, Ghana, Australia and London. Eton, where he was himself educated, he regards as the worst possible school for the prince; at Eton, he argues, he would be surrounded by boys sent there mainly because of their money or because their parents are the kind of snobs who want their children to belong to a particular kind of elite. His main contention is that monarchy cannot last if it remains the pinnacle of a class hierarchy. A class society, he believes, is doomed in any case. The monarchy may survive and play a unique and saving role if it rises above class and welcomes the new type of society which is struggling to be born.

If monarchy is to survive at all in Britain, there is certainly much to be said for these unconventional views. Eton is no school for a boy who is 'to mix with the world'. To say that it is the best public school does not take us far. At Eton Prince Charles would remain the head of an aristocracy which clings to titular privilege though its reality is disappearing, and its standards hopelessly confused by commercialism. If he goes to Eton he will mix with Lord this and that, and also with the son of any jumped-up millionaire, because this is the proper thing to do in an affluent society. To challenge this proposal is to assume that the British monarchy can somehow escape from the class of which, in our day, it is still the head. Lord Altrincham's concept of monarchy is no doubt romantic and it will be thought that Lord Morrison is unrealistic. But is there really any good reason why the Prince should not have a good grammar school education, followed by experience in one or more overseas universities? It is not an impossibly revolutionary idea. It would bring our monarchy more nearly into line with Scandinavian royal houses where princes and princesses, like their parents, rub shoulders with less exalted contemporaries.

Fidel's Artist

NORMAN LEWIS

'Well all right, all right, we know all about the stretches I may have done. I was waiting for that one. You may say I was a no good son of a bitch when I was a kid, and I might agree with you. But I suppose you've heard of such a thing as moral regeneration? I guess you'd say that any guy has the right to do what he can to put himself in the clear with society. Maybe that's why I'm doing what I'm doing – in other words a necessary job that nobody else wants to take on.

'I guess I feel this way I'm doing something to clean the slate, and I figure that's the way the people here see it too. They accept me. I'm regarded as a useful citizen. People like to be seen going round with me. If I happen to feel like taking an evening off and going to some place like the Riviera, for example, I get the best table that's going. Some guy I don't know is always picking up the tab for my drinks. Even Fidel gives me the big hello when he sees me. I do my job conscientiously, and I'm respected for it. That's the way it is.

'Listen, the way I figure it is, you have a job to do? OK, do it well. Maybe you know the Cadillac and Limousine Service on Nott Street, Zenith? I was with that bunch as a senior servicing operator for five years, and believe me I was always noted for the pride I took in my work. Anyone there will tell you that. And if you think that anyone could do my present job – boy, you just can't imagine how wrong you are! Believe me, it calls for everything you've got. You're up against the human element all the time. The kids they send me to work with – you'd break your heart if you saw them. As a technician – that's how I see myself – I hate a bungled job.

'Listen, I'm only supposed to put the finishing touch – that and give the word of command. Not to have to check up on every detail with the dead-beats they send along for these parties. What I mean is they're supposed to be volunteers, but most of them turn out to be strictly chicken when it comes to the point. If I didn't watch them like a cat you'd get half these characters only pretending to fire and then quietly unloading as soon as I turned my head. That kind of thing puts extra work on me. Believe me, I drive myself, I really do. Way back last year when we had our busy spell when I've been on special missions half the night, I've worked some nights from midnight until five or six in the morning. You can't rush this kind of thing. It takes time. And I might add, I don't touch a drop of liquor when I'm carrying out a mission. The most I have is a cup of coffee sent down every hour or so. With milk. Sleep well? Oh, sure I do.

'Another thing might surprise you, and that's the trouble I've put myself to make the whole thing go as smoothly as is possible in the circumstances. For example, whose idea do you think it was to fix up for these jobs to be done in the old moat under that big statue of Jesus Christ they light up at night? Why mine of course. I can't claim to be a religious man, but at least I understand the way other people feel about these things. When I put up that idea to the revolutionary committee at the Cabaña they said it was a masterpiece. You know the statue don't you? It stands up right over the wall. It must be 60 feet high. You can see it ten miles away at night. It struck me as a kind of nice idea that that would be just about the last thing these poor guys would see. Now you see what I mean about giving all I've got to the job?

'The fact is, I suppose I feel somehow like a doctor does with a patient. I go easy with them. Put it this way, I don't go in for rough talk, or wise-cracking, and I don't let any of the kids either. I'm ready to spend half an hour with a man kidding him along, just to see it goes smooth – you follow me? He wants to make a speech? OK, he makes a speech. He wants to give the orders himself? That's OK too. Anything within reason goes by me.

'This business about giving the orders themselves seems to be a sort of craze these days. They nearly all want to do it. I figure it's a kind of last minute show off. Search me why anybody should want to show off at a time like that when there's only me and a bunch of stupid kids to see it. To tell you the truth I wish they wouldn't do it. I warn them to space out the orders properly; to count up to six slowly between the take-aim and the fire. But they always make it too fast and what happens is the kids loose off before they get a chance to take proper aim. That way you get a really crummy result, and it puts it all on me. Anyway, what I'm trying to get round to is this. I go out of my way to show consideration. These guys are in a highly nervous state.

'As I said, they can have half an hour to shoot the breeze. More if they want. Well of course, some of them try to drag things out. They're liable to beef on about their innocence. "Sure you're innocent," I say. "I know you're innocent. All right, fellow, all right. Now how about standing over here where we can get a look at you?" That's the way I kid them along. You have to be ready for anything in the way of propositioning. You get rich guys who want to give you a million dollars to fix it so that they go out of the Cabaña some other way but in that box. Some guys never give up hope. I mean that literally. I've known the time when a fellow's gone on trying to talk his way out right until I put the finishing touch – and that, by the way, throws a light on the quality of the workmanship I have to put up with. You'll get another customer who wants to shake hands.

'"I forgive you," he says.

'"Thank you, thank you," I tell him. "That sure makes me feel better." While I'm holding his hand I'm sort of strolling along with him, manoeuvring him into position, in a way like he doesn't realise what's going on.

'About one in three of them wants to pass you something they like to hang onto until the last moment, maybe it's a rabbit's paw or a locket with a picture of their mother, or something like that. Personally I make a strict rule not to touch anything of value. "Give it to one of the boys," I say. I don't object to the kids taking a locket or a ring or something like that if it's offered to them, but what I won't stand for is that racket they used to go in for of selling spent shells to those niggers who use them for some sort of voodoo stuff. The regular price used to be five bucks a shell till I stamped on it.

'I know what you're going to say now. You're going to bring up that story that I have cuff-links made out of them myself, and hand them out to my friends. Sure I do, and why shouldn't I? It's not a racket. I don't take payment for them, and nor do I see anything

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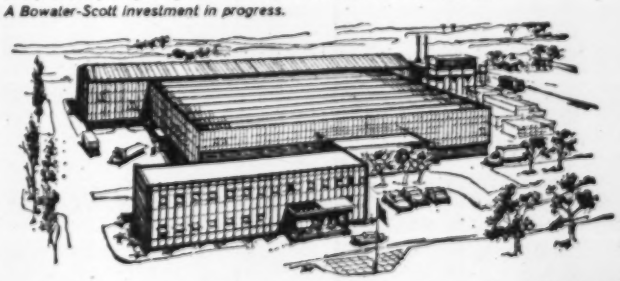

Bowaters . . . investing in progress

IN AUSTRALIA AND IN FRANCE · BELGIUM · ITALY · GREAT BRITAIN · CANADA · UNITED STATES OF AMERICA · NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICA · IRELAND · NORWAY · SWEDEN

morbid about it. Listen, if you want to talk about people being morbid, maybe I should tell you about some of the characters who come and ask me about letting them come along to one of the performances, and I don't mean two-bit journalists either. I mean guys whose names you read every time you pick up a newspaper. If I could mention some of those names you'd certainly be surprised. Maybe you'd change your mind about who's morbid, or put it this way — who'd like to have the chance to be morbid.

'I had a case the other day. Two fellers came up to the Officers' Club and asked for me. I knew one of them quite a bit. He was a big wheel at one of the embassies. I don't want to say which one. He always wants to buy me a drink, whenever he sees me. "Good evening, Captain," he says, "I want you to meet a very distinguished friend of mine, and a very great creative artist. This is Mr Shiralee Shepherd".

' "Not *the* Shiralee Shepherd," I said. To tell you the truth, although I'd seen this guy on the films he looked somehow different. "I saw your last film," I said. "It sure was a gas."

' "Thank you. Thank you indeed," Mr. Shiralee Shepherd says. "As from one artist to another I take that as a great compliment."

' I got a bang out of the artist stuff. "An artist," I said. "Well, I guess maybe you're right. I wouldn't say I was a creative one, though."

'We all had a laugh, and the diplomat fellow says. "Shiralee's been hearing a great deal about you, Captain, and I was wondering if we couldn't get together. I guess you understand that a man engaged in his kind of imaginative work requires a diversity of experience out of which to fashion his material – experiences that others might wish to go out of their way to avoid."

'I knew what was coming and I particularly liked that bit about experiences that others might wish to go out of their way to avoid. I could have given him the names of 100 guys who had their name down on my waiting list. "You mean Mr. Shepherd wants to come to a gala evening," I said.

' "If it can be arranged," Shepherd says. "Discreetly, of course."

'I looked at the guy, and I can't say I was too crazy about him. He looked kind of fat-lipped off the screen. I didn't go for him in a great way, but his pal from the embassy was a good enough guy, and I wanted to do what I could for him. "It might be arranged," I said.

' "When?" says Shepherd, in a very anxious manner.

' "Ah, that I can't say," I told him. "Business has been pretty slow lately. It's only just beginning to look up again. It looks like we'll be getting a few candidates again before long, but even then certain formalities have to be observed. As for example the guys are supposed to be tried."

' "Yes, of course," Shepherd says, "but tell me, these trials, and so forth — are they likely to take long? I mean do you think it would be any use if I arranged to stay on another week?"

' For Christ's sake, what was I to say to the guy? Did he think I could have someone knocked off specially for his benefit? When I told him it might take a month you should have seen the look on his face. I've never seen a man look so disappointed. I found out later he came all the way from New York on the chance of seeing me slip somebody the pill.

'Now please do me a favour, will you? After that don't talk to me about a guy being morbid.'

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Faces in and out of Focus

TOM DRIBERG

Like horses for courses, certain faces and personalities fit more snugly into one or other of the television channels. Though he has switched, Robin Day still looks and talks like the ITN man he used to be: the change of air has blurred his sharp edges only slightly. Conversely, one cannot imagine Richard Dimbleby or Christopher Mayhew in any other than a BBC programme.

I should have thought James Cameron an intrinsically BBC type; but last Monday he launched a new ITV series (admittedly, produced by the least un-BBC of the companies, Granada) which seeks to exploit, as the BBC's radio *Scrapbook* has done so successfully, our wistful recollection of a period 'suspended between news and history' – in this case, 25 years ago. This series is called *All Our Yesterdays*, and its first edition showed a number of fools being lighted the way to dusty death. It consists of extracts from old newsreels, with their original commentaries and Mr Cameron's comments on the commentaries. Thus, the 1935 commentator on an international conference remarked that the Japanese delegates were 'reticent and inscrutable'. Mr Cameron: 'They became scrutable fairly soon' Mmm – all right for once or twice; not too often.

Some effort seems to have been made to train Mr Cameron, who is naturally taut and tense, in looking at ease before the camera; but his air of relaxation seems artificial, and he still jumps anxiously when something goes wrong (as it usually does) instead of embracing the error, Michelmore-wise, with a grin. I think and hope that he will settle down to it. The chief trouble about this potentially fascinating series is its rigidly limiting formula: *All Our Yesterdays* is confined to one week – the week, 25 years ago, corresponding with the present one – and it opened in rather a dull week.

At least Mr Cameron's is a new regular face on TV. There is a serious dearth of these – soon to be aggravated by the probable demise of *Face to Face* on the succession of John Freeman to the editorship of this journal. If *All Our Yesterdays* began with unpromising material, *Face to Face* happens to be ending with two interviews neither of which, I imagine, Mr Freeman would have chosen to end with – though each will have 'fully stretched' him, as Lord Reith would say: Adam Faith last Sunday and (equally difficult, for quite different reasons) Otto Klemperer on 8 January. *Face to Face* will be sorely missed, though the best of these interviews – for instance, those with Jung, Dame Edith Sitwell and Lord Birkett – will bear several repetitions. It is a truism that this series has set a new standard in television interviewing: I do not know what Mr Freeman's private technique is, but it is obvious that such an interviewer, while remaining unobtrusive, must be firm as well as courteous; must have established a *rapport* with his subject; must be fairly polymath and must also have done his homework on his subject; and must yet, in the viewers' interests, not be afraid to draw his subject with what may seem to him to be foolish questions.

The Reith interview was one of the most triumphantly successful – important to historians of broadcasting and enchanting to amateurs of human nature and the English language, here handled by a literate, granitic Scot. There were at least three sayings of the year in it: 'It may be to one's credit that one's difficult to get on with'; (of his ancestral Presbyterianism) 'As to fundamentals, no change: I believe profoundly, but practise poorly'; (of his physical stature) 'Anything over six-foot-two is an affliction, Mr Freeman . . . Got that? An affliction.' And few public men would be big enough to say, without excuse or euphemism, that the latter part of a career still, on paper, distinguished had been 'a virtual collapse.'

Necessarily, Adam Faith presented a different sort of challenge, since the content of a 20-year-old pop-singer's life is less ample and varied than that of an older eminent. The success of this interview was that it showed Mr Faith to be more mature, more balanced and more shrewd than sophisticated viewers may have expected him to be. He did not allow it to go very deep: he was on guard, but with a homely smile. That he is no fool was indicated by his awareness that gossip-writers live, cannibalistically, on each other's cuttings.

A series that died amid less general lamentations was *The Strange World of Gurney Slade*. This started so well – with episodes, foxing to many, reminiscent of an early Cocteau film – that I was tempted into over-praising it: perhaps because it was interfered with in an attempt to make it commercial, it petered out in shocking whimsy.

Signs of out-petering are now detectable in *Candid Camera* – the ITV series in which practical jokes, reminiscent of the late Horace Cole's, are played on ordinary members of the public and their reactions recorded by hidden cameras. The series will surely run into steadily increasing difficulties simply because so many millions are watching ITV on a Saturday night at 9.30, and Jonathan Routh's appearance and accent are so hard to disguise, that more and more people, confronted by him with a strange predicament (*e.g.*, with his hand apparently stuck in a pillar-box) will know what's up. I thought that only one of the items in last Saturday's instalment was based on a genuinely funny, original, and topical idea: Mr Routh, as a salesman in a cosmopolitan newspaper-shop, had to persuade customers asking for the *Evening News* that it had just merged with *Le Monde*, and to send them happily away trying to read the news in French.

I must say that I have never thought this series as objectionable as have some critics: it does not seem to me to bring human beings into ridicule and contempt (less so than 'Beat the Clock' does in *Sunday Night at the Palladium*), but rather to show a patient readiness to help the most *farouche* strangers.

A female panellist in *Juke-Box Jury* said: 'I know we're going to be flooded with Christmas songs . . . and I'm sure they'll all be lovely'. She was optimistic. We are also flooded, to mix a metaphor, by an epidemic of the old Oedipus. On the radio you may hear a pop number consisting of a dialogue between a mother and her 'baby', who sings, in a voice long broken, 'Mommy – out the light, And squeeze me like you squeezed my daddy last night.'

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Restoration Art

BRYAN ROBERTSON

The very large winter exhibitions at Burlington House invariably demand time and patience for they offer us, always, copious and extensive variations on a particular theme. The present exhibition, 'The Age of Charles II', is especially difficult to get to grips with on a first visit. A second visit and prolonged inspection, absolutely essential in this case, will yield many pleasures and even a few surprises, especially after re-reading two or three chapters of Trevelyan. The period of the Restoration, so lacking in sharp definition from the point of view of the visual arts in England, then comes to life for you in all its paradoxical diversity. For confronted at first by so many pictures which are surely dull, often barely adequate, as paintings, and by so much stodgy and unsympathetic furniture, with an equally depressing collection of silver cups, massive mirrors, sconces, andirons and other *objets d'art* – confronted by all this we falter and for a time the august exhibition rooms of Burlington House seem perilously like rather melancholic sale-rooms, full of dark ghosts in exile from the society which gave them up to us.

The presentation of this assembly, which marks the Tercentenary of the Restoration of Charles II in 1660, is in fact both dispassionate and intelligent. There is an exemplary catalogue and a good picture book to refer to, there are 685 exhibits quite reasonably spaced out for us to concentrate on. But the exhibition as a whole suffers from the lack of a vital spark of the imagination which, had it been present, might have made the visitor's task a little easier. One large room full of vast blown-up photographs of architectural facades and interiors could have re-created most dramatically the era of Wren and Grinling Gibbons – and the painted ceilings of Verrio. Another sequence of rooms might have attempted to devise some interiors of the period. Very difficult and costly to do, all this, but worth the attempt. As it is, we are not given much help. Scholars and serious students of this era will not mind much about the question of presentation; but many thousands of people visit exhibitions today for whom art exhibitions are an extension of indoor entertainment. They need some kind of spectacle before they can open their minds and begin to respond to certain works of art.

These exhibits need every help and device to provide a context. So much of the essential spirit of the seventeenth century in England cannot be made visible in an exhibition: the music of Purcell, the intellect of Isaac Newton, the prose and poetry of Milton, Bunyan and Dryden, and the noble foundation of the Royal Society – summarily indicated in a roomful of scientific instruments. It is the spirit behind most of the painting and decoration of the time that does not seem essential. We acquired at third hand the outer props and fabric of the Baroque style but none of its own motives, for Charles and his Court had brought back a notion of Baroque style from the Low Countries and France where it had already been transmitted and adapted from its source in Italy.

In general, England was strongly influenced by Holland throughout the seventeenth century in all practical measures and affairs, as well as aesthetically. Our mawkish attempts at the Baroque style, gaining gradually in vigour and harmony as the century wore on, and our great debt to Dutch and Flemish art, are very apparent in this exhibition. There are some fine Lelys, though mostly marred by this artist's superficiality of style and lack of real interest in the psychology of his sitters: the Van Dyck mood and technical virtuosity begin to diminish and become impoverished. The Knellers are far more impressive, more adventurous as paintings and with a greater originality and depth of insight into subject.

Another section of the exhibition to revive our spirits includes a large group of drawings by Francis Barlow, in which a hawking party and many studies of birds and animals reveal this artist's rare gift of invoking a mood of almost legendary wonder. Here is the world of Aesop. In the same section are a large number of miniature portraits of personages of the time by the redoubtable Samuel Cooper. The magic and the fragility of Hilliard has gone, in this worldly Stuart epoch, but Cooper's miniatures are astonishing in their near-Venetian richness and consistent powers of compression and penetration.

A worldliness and a somewhat cumbersome sophistication in the visual art of this period make it increasingly clear that so much in English art in general, right through its history until the late eighteenth and nineteenth century, so much of its style and nature was imposed from outside: by the Court and by the aristocracy and by travellers who were fired by foreign splendours. We imported too much. Nothing really springs from our native roots and society until we arrive at Hogarth, Stubbs and Gainsborough and later artists. Patronage of the arts in the time of Charles II was both constant and varied, and always lively, but it left in our painting a most uneven tracery of aesthetic uncertainty and false premises. Happily, it also left us with a marvellously rich gathering of human likenesses in the incessant portraiture of the time. The English more than any race have always tried to tame art, to keep it within the confines of portraiture and topography, domestic utility and social occasion; but if this constraint has limited the stylistic development of our artists in the past it has also amassed the most rewarding and labyrinthine records of the English face: private, self-contained, gently stoic and with intimations of a controlled sensuality which does not obscure a confident gaze on the world.

The American Playground

H. A. L. CRAIG

J. P. Donleavy has brought his transatlantic cartoon, *Fairy Tales of New York*, to the suburb of Croydon; but although we approached it, first night, through a London fog, we found ourselves entirely at home in the matter of the play. This is a *hysterico passio* that we know; the pains in the grey flannel suit. The Americans seem to be far more successful at exporting the thrombosis in their society than solid citizen health; so, as Galway was once nearer to Boston than to Dublin, we are more familiar with Mr Donleavy's Madison Avenue than, say, Alun Owen's Liverpool. Mr Owen is obliged to spend a first scene on exposition; Mr Donleavy can walk straight in.

A young man, Cornelius Christian (played with brilliance by Barry Foster) arrives at a customs barrier on a New York pier. What has he got to declare? The corpse of his wife who died on shipboard. We are into the spirit of the evening. The slides and seesaws of Mr Donleavy's playground are well worn: a funeral parlour that is a grotesque little fun parlour; a high executive's high office entirely surrounded by fear and cliché; a gymnasium where the business man pats his chest, followed by a restaurant where he pats hers. It is in such spots, soiled by usage, that Mr Donleavy proves his originality, showing himself to be a rare marksman of ambiguity. His hero is both the centre of the action and its unblinking spectator; he is that part of the audience that does not laugh – indeed a laugh might be a blade to cut his throat; what is happening is happening to him. *Fairy Tales of New York* is an un-American activity observed by one of the family; like the truest

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satirist, Mr Donleavy comes to his subject carrying scorpions only because he loves – all his hatreds are of the marrying kind.

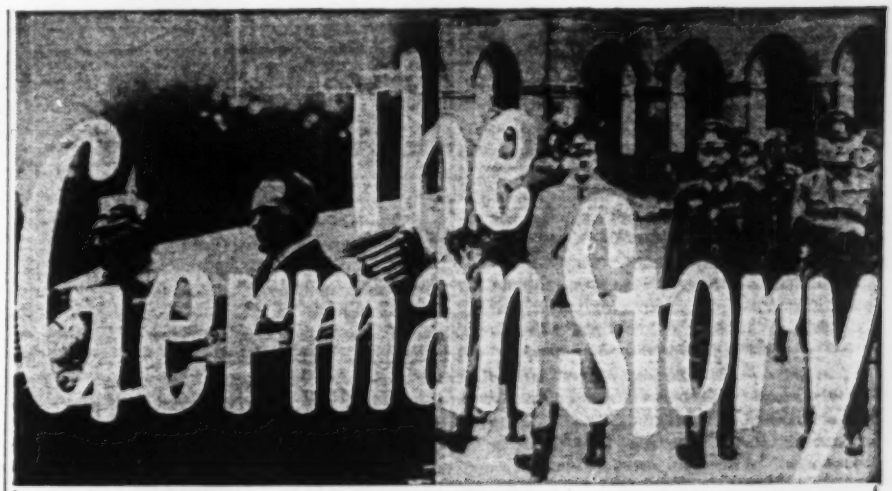
In the first two of the four *Tales*, only the hero, Christian, is on stage as an individual; the others are thorns he must walk through, the indoor cactus of an anxious society. This is Mr Donleavy's strength. His types are all given life-stories or home-chats, twists and foibles, little trots of personality that usually add up to character. But Mr Donleavy does not make the addition. He leaves them loose. They are only nearly themselves; they are the society that Christian, home from England, must encounter.

Cornelius Christian has his innocence in his head and his brains on his cuff. He'll invent a crushing slogan in five seconds – 'Ingenuity made Mott. Mott makes industry' – sending the executives into hugging ecstasies. Mr Donleavy's humour is in great style and, though his subjects may invite it and his situations beg for it, his jokes are never 'sick.' His monstrous undertaker, for instance, Mr Vine, with his addiction to green, is a monster of the kindest heart, whose 'be a sport' to the grief-struck Christian is the equivalent of the 'have a drink' at a wake. His coffin-gazing, poetic 'savouring' of the dead woman's lips is a necrophilia only halfway there. He is a real respecter of persons – dead. Mr Vine's half-hour at Croydon is worth (almost) a book of Evelyn Waugh.

In the second, shorter part of his programme, Mr Donleavy loses the distance between his hero and his cut-outs of society. Though he still continues to entertain us, he does not renew his compulsions after the interval. But *Fairy Tales of New York* does much more with its least trickle than his first play, *The Ginger Man*, did with a flood. The *Tales* are acted, with proper regard for their value, by Susan Hampshire, Harry Towb, Robert Ayres and, of course, Barry Foster.

The American stimulants do not stop this week with J. P. Donleavy. Murray Schisgal has also contributed short tales for theatre which he calls *Schrecks*, subtitle 'An Evening of Hysteria'. Mr Schisgal permits himself gimcrack plots which he makes credible with a force of observation. Working here in miniature, he has the daring suddenly to enlarge the scale; his playlets are not single, small pieces bu three-act plays with one act missing. He steps from small starts to high conclusions. His *Typists*, a short married-man-spinster agony in a New York office, is a complete and imaginative statement of the frustration of office workers. By observing small behaviour (how a wasted girl may talk to her mother on the telephone), by catching the manic moment (the man's sudden joy in typewriters) or getting the tune of the manic-depressive (the girl singing her boring work as she types it), Mr Schisgal builds up the pathos of these little machine people who know only too well that they are human. *The Typists* ends with its two characters waiting, their coats on, until the clock gives them permission to go, a two minutes' silence that is a mourning for their lives. Murray Schisgal is a young playwright with a powerful talent that should, one day, amaze us. *Schrecks* are to be found on Sunday evenings at In-Stage, 9 Fitzroy Square: though they might give the Arts Theatre the credit it so badly needs if they cropped up there. But good luck to In-Stage who, under Charles Marowitz, have become an excellent group.

The Tinker, a play about a red-brick university, awaited with high expectation after its conquering nights at Bristol, proved a



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disappointment at the Comedy. It begins fresh and clear but, like certain rivers, it ends in a swamp. The death of the young student, falling from the university tower, is obscene because it is unnecessary – the play could have ended as it did, had he got down alive. We are dragged through 'tragedy' backwards. This I find objectionable. Laurence Dobie and Robert Sloman, the authors, commit such errors of simplification as restating in anthropological terms a social matter we had already seen and, ad nauseam, heard. A Negro student, sentimentally considered, shamefully patronised, is put before us as a parody Nkrumah – 'read the headlines when I get back' – and then offered to us as the oracle of the play: 'Casualties are inevitable in your society.' This is just the Noble Savage given a tract. When are we going to get a truthful confrontation of Negro and Englishman upon the stage? When, in fact, is some George Lamming going to write a play? *The Tinker* is, however, enlivened by two brilliant performances by Annette Crosbie and Edward Judd. This autumn it has been our good fortune to see Tom Bell emerge in *Progress to the Park*; now there is Edward Judd, before Christmas.

Polish Cinema Today

ALAN LOVELL

It is nearly four years since the young Polish film makers first surprised the West with films like *A Generation, Kanal, Man on the Track* and *The Shadow*. For the past three weeks the National Film Theatre has been running a very useful season of new Polish films. The season is a good opportunity to see what has been happening there since 1957.

Of the films shown the most remarkable belongs, in fact, to the earlier period. When it was first shown in Poland Andrzej Munk's *Eroica* had a great effect. In 1957, the October Revolution was still affecting life in Poland. Of the revolution, a young Pole wrote, 'The nation, perhaps for the first time in its history, acted in a crisis with both courage and discipline, achieving its object without bloodshed. *Eroica* was designed to strengthen this new mood by its attack on the old Polish ideal of romantic, anarchic heroism.

The film is in two parts. The first is a comedy about a spiv who flees from the Warsaw Rising, only to end with decorations and medals for the brave deeds he is supposed to have performed. The second part is a savage account of Polish officers in a German prisoner of war camp. The officers keep their morale up by the thought of the one man who has escaped. A new arrival discovers that the man never escaped but is being hidden in the loft by his friends. Munk makes his criticisms through a very disciplined style. An incident in the second part of the film is a good example of his method. One man, unable to bear the tension of camp life, impulsively rushes out into a forbidden courtyard. The camera holds him for a long time as he walks in absolute silence forward, out of the hut. The silence is suddenly shattered by a burst of machine-gun fire and Munk cuts to a high shot of the body lying in the middle of the empty yard. The futility of the unconsidered romantic gesture is pointedly shown.

The remainder of the films in the season were made in the last two years. There is one big disappointment amongst them, Andrzej Wajda's *Lotna*. Wajda's superb *A Generation* was the first Polish film to make its mark abroad. Since then his work has declined. *Lotna* is his fourth film and shows the decline very clearly. Like *Eroica* it is a comment on heroism. Lotna is a white horse which Wadja uses as a symbol of romantic heroism.

Wajda presumably means the death of the horse to symbolise the end of the old romantic spirit and of the hierarchic society that produced it. And yet one's final impression of the film is of Wajda's nostalgia for the romanticism and for the society. It is an empty and meaningless nostalgia because the characters who represent the romantic ideal are unrealised and the images of the disappearing society are trite and badly handled. A wedding sequence, for instance, veers between out-and-out romanticism and low level farce. The film is also full of the pointless symbols with which Wajda now likes to decorate his films. *Lotna* bears all the marks of a self-indulgent, uncertain artist.

None of the other films are exceptional. Yet they have a quality to which one responds. The best is *A Place in the World*, a film about a young delinquent's struggle for his self-respect. It is handled very simply and directly. The simplicity, combined with the director's eye for compositions of a quiet beauty, create the boy's sense of the world very delicately. Another way to measure the achievement of the Polish cinema is to compare one of the films, *The Damned Roads*, with a French film of a few years back that it is partly modelled on, H. G. Clouzot's *Wages of Fear*. Both films deal with lorry drivers working in very difficult circumstances. But where Clouzot never misses an opportunity to give his audience any kind of nihilistic thrill and seems to relish the degeneration of his heroes, the director of *The Damned Roads*, Czeslaw Petelski, creates the tension and danger of the work effectively but soberly and has a deep sympathy for his characters even in their decline.

Three of the other films in the season have much the same quality as *A Place in the World* and *The Damned Roads*. They are *The White Bear, Much Ado about Little Barbara*, and *Answer to Violence*. I do not think this quality is an accidental one. The Poles take the cinema seriously. Their film school at Lodz provides the best training in the world for film-making. And their creative artists, once inside the industry, are free from all the usual commercial pressures of film making (the political censorship is another story). They are expected to make films for mature audiences. Naturally, the films reflect the conditions under which they are made.

Political censorship is a real problem. Of the nine films in the National Film Theatre's season, only one, *See you Tomorrow*, deals with a contemporary subject. All but one of the rest have themes which come directly out of the Second World War. Very naturally, the war still obsesses the Poles. In the last two years the censorship has become active again. Wajda's latest film, about young people in present day Poland, is said to have had censorship troubles and Munk was forced to change the end of his satire on bureaucracy, *Bad Luck*. It is pressures of this kind which partly explain Wajda's retreat into empty nostalgia. Despite the advantages the Polish film-makers have, they can never be certain about the future. It is a frightening thought that the future of Polish cinema may be in the hands of Krushchev and Kennedy.

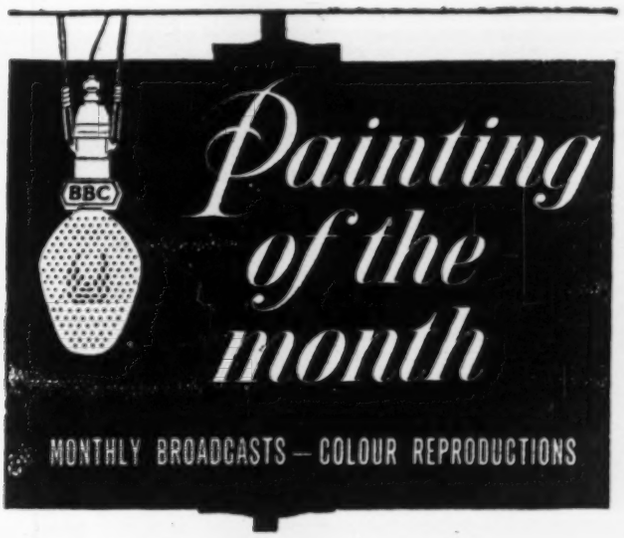
Don't Shoot Truffaut

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

One's hopes for the second film of François Truffaut had been enormous; after *Les Quatre Cent Coups*, what? The answer, in *Shoot the Pianist* (Continentale), is an idiosyncratic gesture in which visual charm, the fashionable taste for American crookery, and the *Cahiers* requirement for the screen 'being itself' are oddly blended. It follows closely the pattern of a second novel, lacking the pith of the first and turning to the outside world with uncontrolled whimsy. Uncontrolled? Not quite, because here there's a saving humour and adeptness in cinematic means. I don't think Truffaut could make a bad film, any more than a fish in water could fail to swim.

This odd fling or try-on of his takes an American novel and transposes its tale of a pianist fallen to the dance bars into pure French (I wish I could say pure Truffaut). He lives one of those lives bundled together with string: no wife, a small son, women, and brothers who are thieves in trouble. (The part owes much of its effectiveness to Charles Aznavour.) He plays the bar piano (a most taking theme, by the way); his thoughts are spoken aloud; he gets in the end into dire trouble by inadvertently knifing his employer. Incidents don't quite stand out, nor do the soliloquies weigh as they should; but we are borne along by camera edge and an alternation of funny and sad. Two pursuing crooks, smoking pipes, never fail to build up to some all-too-human laugh; as when they take our pianist for the traditional ride and get talking about women and the car breaks down and their victim takes the bus home. Yet they shoot the pianist's girl dead in the beautifully conceived snow ending. All along, we are charmed, amused, intermittently touched – and never quite allowed to know where we stand. This works both ways, so that the seriousness lacks depth and the fun ballast. *Is* there more in it than comes over at a first viewing? I really don't think so, though I should certainly like to see the film again. Personal gestures, even if they stay glued to their own privacy, aren't so common in the cinema.

By contrast the extrovert *Elmer Gantry* (Leicester Square) slaps all its cards on the table with a bang. It gives a most exhilarating picture of evangelism on the make, and two-thirds of the spectacle are gripping as only Hollywood knows how. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel and directs, deserves full credit for this. I wish I could end my review there; but I had to endure another three-quarters of an hour that ruined the build-up and betrayed Sinclair Lewis. That tagged-on and interminable end includes a golden-hearted whore, a miracle, a fire, a martyrdom, and only in the final seconds does Elmer Gantry, the lapsed, bombastic salesman, rasp out an 'I'll see you in Hell', to fetch us back to Lewis. Burt Lancaster brings a galvanic buffoonery to the part. But the real catch is Jean Simmons, who in her Aimée-Temple-Macpherson part works miracles of her own, only slightly damaged by a script that has muddled in carnal love with divine. The great merit of this popularisation of a tough novel is that its merits are clear-cut, no less than its vices.



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(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

Correspondence

UNILATERALISM UNDER FIRE

SIR, – I have just read that Mr Philip Noel-Baker, in an attack upon us British unilateralists, declared that he had returned from a Pugwash Conference in Russia and went on to say: 'I found no interest among my Russian friends in unilateral British disarmament. I believe they think that Britain can help the course of world peace best by pressing for multilateral disarmament'. (As if we in the CND did not want multilateral disarmament! Why don't these people look at our policy before denouncing it?)

Mr Noel-Baker may be right about Russia. I don't know because it is fifteen years since I was in Russia. But I do suggest that Mr Noel-Baker and his friends should make up their minds whether to denounce us because we are too much in with the Russians or too far out with them. We cannot be both at the same time.

Meanwhile, it happens that I have just returned from the US and Canada, where I have been talking against the nuclear deterrent at meetings and on television. And what I discovered over there was that what had raised the hopes and excited the imaginations of people had nothing whatsoever to do with Pugwash and Mr Noel-Baker but had a great deal to do with the growing success of our campaign. I have nothing against the Pugwash scientists – though it was after a session with them that I felt a campaign was all the more urgently necessary – but, after all, they have been meeting for some years now and the arms race goes on and on, the 'unthinkable war' is now being thought about, nothing relieves the tension, and serious disarmament talks still belong to a future that may never arrive. As for Russian opinion I take leave to doubt if Mr Noel-Baker is right about it and I certainly believe his statement on the subject is more likely to hinder than help the cause of peace.

J. B. PRIESTLEY
Vice-President
Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament
2 Carthusian St, EC1

WELENSKY PROPAGANDA

SIR, – A concentrated effort is being made to popularise the Federal regime in Central Africa. No expense is spared. Half-page advertisements in all the national daily papers extol the virtues of Sir Roy Welensky's 'partnership' paradise. The advertisement begs us to 'let facts have a hearing'. Very well then, let us take a look at the Federal High Commissioner's facts.

Under the heading 'Willingly to School', the reader is told all about the improvements in African education. Expenditure on African education has increased since 1953, but that is only half the story. The striking fact is that more money is spent on education for the Europeans, who number some 300,000, than is spent on the Federation's 7 million Africans. The 1957-58 expenditure from revenue votes on education worked out at roughly £5,500,000 on European education and £4,500,000 on African education.

The University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland is presented in glowing terms. In mid-1959, however, only 36 African students were registered out of a total of 168. Why such a poor percentage? Simply because the level of African secondary education is not nearly good enough. Only at Goromonzi (S. Rhodesia), Munali (Northern Rhodesia), and Dedza (Nyasaland) can African students be educated to Cambridge Senior Certificate level – the entrance requirement in this particular case.

The advertisers tell us that there is now a 'new hope for African farmers'. The sorry tale of land *apartheid* in the Rhodesias is smothered beneath such phrases as 'long term development' and 'research plans'. Southern Rhodesia covers an area of just over 96 million acres. The population consists of 211,000 Europeans and over 2¼ million Africans. The 1951 Land Apportionment Act set aside 51 million acres for European occupation only. An area of 4 million acres was devoted to national parks. The vast African majority had 42 million acres assigned for its use. The African is rather better off in the Protectorates, but understandably fears an extension of the Southern Rhodesian 'system'. It is worth remembering that wholesale extension of the 'system' remains the declared policy of the (opposition) Dominion Party and that an influential wing of Sir Roy Welensky's United Federal Party have also been thinking along these lines.

Humbly the advertisements admit that 'poverty remains a serious problem in all three territories', but we are re-assured with the thought that 'the wages and salaries of Africans in the 1950's have risen at a considerably higher rate than have those of Europeans'. One almost loses sight of the fact that the European can expect, on average, to earn over £1,500 per annum and the African can aspire to earnings of between £200 and £250 in a year. No doubt the Federal authorities would like to create the impression that 'partnership' really exists and to forget that in their land of 'partnership' European mineworkers are thought to be worthy of at least three times the pay of African mineworkers. Sir Roy and Sir Edgar would also like the British government to overlook its responsibilities to the African people – the tragedy being that there are Tories who are willing to do just that.

JOHN THOMPSON
Manchester

LABOUR'S MALAISE

SIR, – J. P. W. Mallalieu's comment on the Commons debate on the car industry underlines so pointedly the malaise that has crept over the Labour Party nationally. I am the chairman of a constituency Labour Party in a division where the Tory majority is approaching 22,000. To keep the party alive here we need strong and imaginative leadership from above. Our party, divided though it was, was four times as strong at the height of the Bevanite row as it is now. Whether you are unilateralist, multilateralist, pro-Conference or anti-Conference, for Gaitskell or against him there is no doubt that everyone feels the growing disintegration of the party. Gaitskell's 'fight, fight and fight again' attitude shocked and confused many loyal members but the collapse of leadership started before the last election. The inadequacy of the opposition was revealed in the last parliament and has merely been confirmed in the present one. Mr Gaitskell may be content to forgo being prime minister and may be content merely to draw his salary as leader of the opposition but many of us are not prepared to see Socialism go by default and are equally determined to fight and fight and fight again.

ANTONY EVANS
The Manor House
West Hoathly
Sussex

CATHOLIC TOLERATION

SIR – In view of Critic's remarks about Catholics and the Transport Commission's advertising policy, my experiences may be of interest to you.

On reading your paragraph, I rang up the BTC and asked them why they refused FPA posters when, a few months ago, stations were littered with Sir Oswald Mosley's posters. I was informed by the Press Officer that this was because the Mosley posters merely stated *facts* i.e. the place and date of the next meeting, and this was acceptable. I thereupon enquired whether if the FPA merely stated *facts* (i.e. the nature of their work and the address of their office) their poster could be accepted also, and he said 'Oh yes, certainly.' It was only the wording the BTC had objected to.

I rang the Family Planning Association to tell them the good news only to be informed that:

(1) the BTC had never suggested to them before that if they amended the wording their original poster would be accepted.

(2) anyway, all their poster stated in the first place was that the FPA was concerned with family planning and fertility problems and that their address was XYZ.

It is quite clear that the wholly innocuous FPA poster was withdrawn (after four months) as a result of sustained and highly organised Catholic pressure, and as far as the BTC is concerned whoever applies most pressure wins. It is time Protestants, Jews and Freethinkers learned the lesson of such Roman Catholic successes. The telephone number of the Press Officer of the British Transport Commission is HUNter 1272.

MADELINE SIMMS
Flat 3
39 Gloucester Ave, NW1

SIR, – Since Dr Heenan has publicly condemned religious intolerance in Spain (in a 'Lift up your hearts' broadcast) it is hard to see why you should regard him as a liar or a hypocrite when he praises the virtue of toleration. Why should it be considered illogical for a Christian to hold that God's truth will prevail without human beings having to resort to coercive measures?

As to the poster business, Roman Catholics – a significant minority of the population – believe birth control to be morally wrong. I don't; but if I saw posters on a railway station advertising some cause I do regard as morally wicked – say the White Defence League – I should protest vigorously in the hope of getting them removed. Wouldn't you?

ANNE SMITH
High Wycombe
Bucks

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR, – If capital punishment were to be abolished there undoubtedly would be a gradual increase in the murder rate of this country until a state was reached when no decent-living citizen would be safe anywhere. For instance, all the would-be murderers, some of whom have probably been waiting years for their revenge on society, would now come out of hiding and strike their victims down in cold blood knowing full well that they would not hang for their crime.

We would eventually find that our fears of being either murdered, coshed or robbed by gangs of youths and others would become far greater than the threat of war which we must admit, is nothing more than the premeditated murder of one country by another.

Capital punishment must remain. It cannot deter all murderers but at least it does ensure a certain measure of safety for the innocent law abiding citizen. When are we going to have enough prisons, which are already too small and understaffed to house all the murderers given life sentences as an alternative to hanging? What about the victims' parents or relatives, will they always feel that justice has been done by them? They should be considered more than the murderer.

Murder is becoming commercialised in certain sections of the press. Some papers would never sell unless there has been a murder, or they substitute murder by sex.

It is true that cases have arisen whereby some hangings have proved a grave miscarriage of justice. The blame cannot be attached to any one individual, but I would say mainly lies embedded in the antiquated laws of this country. It's time they were revised, especially those relating to capital punishment. Laws should be adequate to meet the crime, not crime to meet the laws.

Our concern as a society wanting only to live at peace free from the scourge of murder is not a public outcry for reprieves but public outcry for the reformation of all laws in this country carried out by the right people in their right places. Far too many criminals sentenced to death by judical hanging are consequently reprieved on the strength of stupid public sentimen-

Now I'm for it!

Tell-tale paw marks, guilty look. Hey, you—sit! The carpet certainly is looking grubby, but don't blame the poor dog for all the dirt about the place . . .

If all the pups in Britain walked with muddy paws over all the carpets in British homes, there would be little significant addition to the three million tons of smoke, grit and dust which, every year, drift down relentlessly over our floors and furnishings, our schools and hospitals, our factories and public buildings. This is a cleaning problem on a vast scale—and one for which Shell synthetic detergents bring the assurance that, though cleaning is always with us, it is now very much easier, quicker and cheaper than it used to be.

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tality aroused by petitions and supposed sympathy which is often encouraged, enhanced and exaggerated by journalists who are quick to place themselves in judgment upon others but so slow to accept judgment upon themselves whether it be right or wrong.

When are we going to stop humbling and humiliating high court judges by squashing their murder sentences with reprieves? One must admit that such actions are bound to reflect upon their abilities as judges and is an insult to their legal learning.

The time must come when all laws should be made so that no possible element of doubt is ever encountered. The time to act is now! Before we are regarded by other countries as a nation quite incapable of dealing swiftly and surely with its murderers.

HARRY E. GREEN

116 Abercromby Avenue
High Wycombe

SIR, – Will anyone who wishes to help the new full-scale effort by the National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, and can spare a little time occasionally, please write to me at the address below? Donations, big and small, are also urgently requested: they should be sent to the Treasurer.

VICTOR GOLLANCZ

14 Henrietta Street, WC2

UNDEMOCRATIC DOCTORS

SIR, – Recent experience in the hands of the medical profession leaves me convinced that in one sector, at least, of our collective life the epithet 'irresponsible', applied by Professor Titmuss, is richly deserved. The complete and utter despotism exercised by consultants in the hospital service, with almost total submission by patients, management committees and other interested parties, is unmatched by any other pressure group. I can identify as accurate, too, Aneurin Bevan's description of the doctors' 'collective arrogance' which is not dispelled by the 'margin of possible error which is part of their daily experience'. Indeed, a patient doubting the omniscience of Harley Street men exposes himself to personal insult and the scarcely veiled threat to block his access to further treatment. And the consultants have it within their jurisdiction to do it; as Professor Titmuss has remarked, they are responsible to no one.

I would not have troubled to bear witness to these things were they not characteristic of the whole atmosphere of the hospital service. Here, the consultants' interests are made paramount, and, too often, the patient simply represents the raw material upon which the senior medicoes can show off their skills. It is high time the general public woke up and demanded the conversion of the hospital service from an autonomous technocracy into a viable part of our democracy.

A useful move in this direction, it would seem, might be made by ending the consultant system which forms the main bulwark of privilege and caste in the profession. Make them choose: private practice or public service. Couple this with a few reminders that the old Poor Law is dead; that the Health Service (including the doctors' salaries) is paid for by those who use it, and strengthen the machinery by which such truths can sometimes be salutarily brought home. Then, I believe, we shall have done something towards remoulding a great social service into a closer image of the democratic ideal which the national will intended it to be.

J. MORRIS

28 Charnwood Drive
London, E18

ST PAUL AND WOMEN

SIR, – Are we allowed three shies each? If so, I can answer Mr Hemming's question, 'Why should St. Paul feel that celibacy is a state of superior grace if he did not consider sex and sensual pleasure as degrading to a man?' (In passing, why is Mr Hemming so sure that St Paul was a celibate? He might have been a widower or separated from his wife by circumstances when he wrote 1st Corinthians.) The short answer is that St Paul (wrongly) expected the Second Coming very soon at this stage of his ministry and urged Christians to concentrate their attention on this rather than on the things of this world. At no point does he speak of sex in itself as degrading to a man, though he is pretty severe about the misuse of it. You may fault St Paul about the Second Coming: you can't fault him in his deep and tender understanding of the one-flesh relation in marriage. For Mr Hemming in his quotation of Ephesians 5 has conveniently omitted the other half of the equation: 'Even so ought husbands to love their own wives *as their own bodies*' (my italics, not St Paul's). Christian marriage for St Paul implies that the husband takes the lead in love and self-sacrifice as Christ does for the Church.

I have already explained the full meaning of *phronema sarkos* in Article IX. 'Lust' can be lust for a great many things besides sexual gratification. But even if Mr Hemming wrongly insists on narrowing it to sexual matters, does this really make the Article wrong? Mr Hemming surely did not previously defend (sexual) lust and concupiscence as good and right. Is he doing so now? I hope not, for they are not really very pretty things. In attacking St Paul and the Church for an imagined Manichaeanism he must be careful not to fall into the opposite (though related) error.

ALFRED JOWETT

The Vicarage
60 Thorne Road
Doncaster

THE TOOLS OF SOCIOLOGY

SIR, – It is still curious and annoying to see the naive attitude the majority of the 'posh' newspapers have towards sociology. The NEW STATESMAN is really no exception. In your issue of 10 December, Mr Keith Waterhouse reviewed *Family and Class in a London Suburb* by Willmott and Young. The idea of asking a non-sociologist to review a book which is sociologically orientated does not make much sense. The *Spectator* displayed more insight by asking Charles Madge to review the book – after all, he is a social scientist.

A comparison of these two reviews brings out the poverty of the former. Mr Waterhouse suggests that the study was not too valuable because '(a) the authors had . . . been so obsessed by Bethnal Green, and (b) they had . . been so obsessed by class'. This demonstrates a clear misunderstanding of two important methodological tools in sociology. The comparative method is essential because real experiments are legally and morally impermissible. Charles Madge argued that 'the idea was to compare it [Woodford] with working-class Bethnal Green, especially in respect of kinship ties', which were strong in the latter and expected to be weak in the former. The concept of class is important because an individual's behaviour is affected by the image he holds of himself as the incumbent of a role position in a highly social stratified society. Thus the majority of the inhabitants of Woodford see themselves as middle-class people, and accordingly they have internalised some of the normative demands of the image of middle class behaviour that they hold. Since class identification is an important determinant of behaviour, sociologists consider is worthy of study, and it is particularly fruitful as part of the explanation of the different attitudes and behaviour patterns of the inhabitants of these two areas.

It can only be hoped that with the growing 'respectability' of social science, a more sensible attitude will be adopted towards it, and the practice of non-sociologists reviewing sociological material will be part of the mispractices of the infancy of a 'science of society'.

STEVEN BOX

27 Tennyson Road
Kilburn, NW6

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Dark Youth of Disraeli

PAUL JOHNSON

'Failure, failure, failure, partial success, renewed failure, ultimate and complete victory'. So Lord Randolph Churchill summed up the career of Disraeli. More than 50 biographies have told the story of his long battle, after he had broken Peel, to recreate the Tory Party and restore it to office; but the first 34 years of his life, until his election to Maidstone in 1837, have always been curiously shrouded. We know that they were painful and, in some respects, disreputable; we also know that, after his rise to fame and the tightening-up of public morality in the 1840's, Disraeli did his best to cover up his earlier traces. He bowdlerised new editions of his novels and toned down his sartorial excesses (he even went so far as to deny, in a newspaper letter, that he had ever possessed green trousers: a palpable lie or, perhaps, a convenient collapse of memory). Towards the end of his life, he seems to have burned batches of letters and censored his secret diary. He left instructions to his executors to destroy certain papers. These were never carried out, at any rate in full, but his great biographer, Moneypenny, writing shortly after the turn of the century, still judged it necessary to suppress evidence of some of his early financial transactions and of all his illicit love affairs. Subsequent biographers were able to add little.

Recently, however, virtually all the known Disraeli papers have become available for public inspection. These include not only 30 boxes of papers – including the mutilated diary – at Hughenden, but an important series of letters he wrote to Benjamin Austen, one of his principal creditors, and Austen's wife Sara, who launched him as a literary prodigy. First in the field to examine them is an enterprising American scholar, Mr B. R. Jerman, who has shown considerable ingenuity in tracking down a number of related manuscripts. Though he appears to have overlooked one fascinating batch of papers – the letters which Disraeli and his mother wrote to John Murray, the publisher – and though his handling of the material is often, from a literary viewpoint, clumsy and insensitive, his book* is of first-rate interest.

The dynamic of Disraeli's early years appears to me to have been his ambivalent attitude towards his father. Isaac D'Israeli was the son of a philistine merchant and stockbroker. He revolted sharply against his father's attempt to chain him to business (his earliest literary work was a poetic denunciation of commerce) and eventually, after anguished family debates, became a professional man of letters. He was, however, essentially a passive figure, retiring and contemplative, whose work was primarily a descant on the researches of others. Characteristically, his breach with the synagogue was brought about by the insistence of the elders that he should hold office. Disraeli respected his father for his gentleness but also, one feels, despised him for his timidity towards the world. For Benjamin's one aim, in his first 30 years, was to become a man of action, a romantic executive. The compulsive hero of his youth was Byron, and it is not until the Byronic echoes begin to fade that the mature Disraeli emerges.

But what sort of action? Disraeli did not know; and his father being unable or unwilling to supply guidance, he spent his youth in a tragic series of follies, the consequences of which were to burden him for decades. His father had little money to give him: his first object, therefore, was to make it, fast. While still an articled solicitor's clerk, at the age of 18, he became heavily involved in the South American mining speculations of the mid-1820's, writing a series of shady commercial pamphlets and investing his hypothetical earnings in disastrous stocks. How he met his City friends we do not know; but he appears to have had, from the earliest age, an extraordinarily wide and dubious acquaintance. At the same time, he contracted with John Murray to become editor and co-proprietor of a daily newspaper, *The Representative*. Both ventures crashed within months. Murray lost over £20,000. Disraeli went into debt, with two other young men, for £7,000.

From this initial calamity, Disraeli's finances never recovered. At no time in his life did his earnings exceed his expenditure and when, in 1839, he steered into the safe financial haven of marriage to Mrs Wyndham Lewis, a comfortable widow with some £5,000 a year, his debts were around £20,000. During the intervening period, his overwhelming but undirected ambition necessarily took the forms most likely to bring him ready cash. This was the chief reason why he became a novelist. *Vivian Grey*, his debut, was a scandalous success, but the sums he received from it were immediately absorbed in settling his more pressing debts, and he was never able to hit the jackpot again, though he threshed about in various directions – including translation and even poetry.

Indeed, he was only able to keep afloat by two devices: borrowing expensive City money and touching his acquaintances. The first merely increased the seriousness of his position, the second led to bitterness and lost friendships. His long correspondence with Benjamin Austen traces the familiar pattern of admiration for a youthful genius gradually changing to cold contempt for a cheat and a liar; and Austen was lucky – he eventually got his money back. Others fared far worse. In 1830, it seems, Disraeli had to be rescued from a sponging-house; throughout this period, he often had to change his address to avoid sheriff's officers, and on one occasion narrowly escaped arrest in his father's house.

He later described this period as 'my miserable youth', and certainly his letters at the time often express desperation. But I doubt if Disraeli suffered as much as his anxious family and creditors. His temperament was incorrigibly sanguine: he invariably overrated his expectations – of selling a copyright for thousands, of getting elected to parliament, of bringing off a coup in the City. This must have been a constant source of irritation to his friends, but it kept his spirit unbroken until the luck finally changed. At the height of his mining-stock difficulties, we find him engaged in abortive negotiations for the purchase of a country estate at Stockton, which included a pocket borough. Again, in 1835, while in need of the odd £5, he embarked on the creation of a financial empire in The Hague, which inevitably collapsed in expensive ruin. His personal adornments, in lace and rings, do not seem to have suffered from financial calamity; Disraeli was always broke but never shabby.

Moreover, all his frenzied difficulties were unable to prevent the emergence of two new and insistent themes: love and politics. That Disraeli had early affairs seems likely; and it is certain that, at the age of 28, he was the lover of Mrs Clara Bolton, the wife of a doctor. But it was not until the next year that he fell in love – in a passionate, sexual sense – for the first and only time in his life. This mistress, Henrietta, Lady Sykes, was the wife of an unpleasant and eccentric baronet, and outwardly at least the affair was extraordinarily sordid. Henrietta undoubtedly also slept with Lord Lyndhurst, Disraeli's first political patron, and it was widely believed that Disraeli had acted as her pimp to secure Lyndhurst's help. Moreover, Henrietta seems to have come to an agreement with her husband that her intimacy with Disraeli would be condoned provided that she, in return, would not object to his affair with Mrs Bolton, Disraeli's discarded mistress. Certainly, the Baronet was unusually complaisant, travelling abroad while Disraeli lived in his wife's house.

Despite this, there is no doubt that Disraeli really loved her, and she him. Her letters are vigorous specimens of late-romanticism, while his devotion was reflected in his best 'straight' novel, *Henrietta Temple*. During this period, he even contemplated, as his secret diary reveals, giving up the active life and surrendering to sensual calm. But the spell was broken by Henrietta's infidelity: she was discovered in bed with Maclise, the painter, by the Baronet himself, who proceeded to denounce her on the front page of the *Morning Chronicle*. After this, the theme of love dies away: Disraeli's marriage to Mary Anne Lewis was a convenient arrangement, which only slowly burgeoned into affection and never into passion.

But the political theme grew, with ever-increasing resonance. There is something both moving and inspiring about the progressive emergence, in the midst of Disraeli's financial and sexual jungle, of the great political certitudes which were to

**The Young Disraeli.* By B. R. JERMAN. *Oxford: Princeton. 35s.*

How and when does one amuse one's children?

'IN spite of the fact that children have far more beautiful toys with every advancing year, we venture to assert that it is just as difficult to amuse them now as it ever was.' Thus wrote Mrs. Beeton, and since her day the toys have got better (some of them!) and the situation worse.

If you are trembling on the brink of parenthood, I have news for you. Knitting rompers isn't your greatest problem—after all, if you don't knit 'em, somebody else will. Your real difficulty is how on earth to entertain a total stranger for the next five years.

There's plenty of guidance on *when* to amuse children. Mrs. Beeton prescribed one hour a day. The child itself will suggest twenty-four. But it's the *how* that's the tricky part. Can't anyone help . . .

None but the foolhardy would be definite about giving an authority, but I'm pretty sure that no young parent could read Bridget Colgan, and come away unrewarded.

Mrs. Colgan is a young mother who writes a regular series 'Within the Family' in The Observer. She talks about the special bond between mother and child in a way that is not at all romper-directed. She is refreshingly anti-fad, and won't stand for any theory that gets in the way of the happy, unworried relationship between mother and child.

Here is an extract from a recent article: 'Fear of spoiling often prevents us enjoying our babies' first months. I heard of a mother who told her newborn baby at the first feed of his life: "Take your fingers out of your mouth, you must not start bad habits"'.

She isn't so very concerned with the actual details of babycraft. But she's obviously very good at mothering, and from her own experience she suggests how a new family can relax and enjoy life together. She is encouraging . . . and happy . . . and reassuring to even the most diffident.

The most striking feature of her writing is tenderness. Perhaps this is why others besides imminent parents look forward to her articles in The Observer, and find they bring a pleasant good-humoured tone of voice to Sunday morning. **J.B.L.**

dominate his public life and re-vitalise the Tory Party. Again, this development has, at a superficial level, a sordid side. After three unsuccessful contests, he abandoned his optimistic belief that he could crash parliament as an independent Tory radical, and as the decade progresses we find him beginning to toe the party line, and to win favour with Peel and the Carlton by emerging as a party pamphleteer and even as a leader-writer on the *Morning Post*. By these means he got himself a safe seat at Maidstone and – two years later – a rich wife. But such concessions to the established powers were marginal: never for one instant did Disraeli deviate from his growing conviction that the first object of Toryism must be the maintenance of the essential character of the English countryside, and it was this passionate belief, far more than his personal dislike of Peel, which dominated the battles of the Forties. For it was linked to an even more central article of faith: Disraeli's realisation that the masses were fundamentally conservative too, that a wider suffrage could become an instrument of stability – a barrier to a hideous industrial society enslaved by small-minded capitalists. Hence, it was during his agonising experiment in youthful careerism that Disraeli, by a series of intuitive flashes, which he gradually rationalised into coherent theory, hit upon the dominant paradox of modern politics: the successful Tory democracy.

But he never really lived to reap its fruits, which were left to lesser men like Salisbury, Baldwin and Macmillan. Lord Randolph's summary is misleading: there was no ultimate triumph. Even by the time Disraeli entered parliament, much of his energy had been irretrievably consumed: the quest for fame had taken its toll. And then, for more than three decades, industrialism was in unrestricted power. Out of 40 years in parliament, Disraeli held office for less than ten, and by the time he acquired power with a reliable majority, he was a frail figure in his late sixties. His one great triumph – at the Congress of Berlin – was nothing more than a lucky incident, which had no relevance to his main political beliefs. Apart from his Suffrage Act of 1867 (which brought him abuse and electoral defeat) he was never able to translate his theories into law. During his early struggles, he repeatedly reassured himself that failure did not matter, provided time was still on his side: time was the working capital of fortune. His tragedy is that when success finally arrived, time had run out.

Dow Crag

A human fallen from this height
Could lie there till his skeleton
Was cold and clear enough to write
Its world-bewildering hieroglyph –
That's still decyphered to mean 'Life'
Though the mortal meaning's gone.

And still the rock that holds no brief
For god, nor fossil in its gut,
Holds evidence of time enough
For a change of human heart.

PATRIC DICKINSON

Haifa Bay in the Morning

(In 1945 an illegal immigrant ship carrying former concentration camp inmates was arrested by the British just off Haifa. The immigrants were taken to camps in Cyprus.)

I saw a ship come sailing in,
Sailing in, sailing in,
With a list like a Stormtrooper's twisted grin
At Haifa Bay in the morning.

The Army boat was waiting there,
(Haganah flashed 'Take care! Take care!')
The amiable squaddies all a'stare
Just three miles out in the morning.

And I was there in my little press boat
With one stout Guardsman to keep it afloat
And a man from *The Times* who claimed he wrote
And a blasé photographer yawning.

Their lousy ship they bought from a Greek,
That it ever arrived was a flaming freak
Considering the size of its list and leak
Off Palestine in the morning.

Through shortage of water two girls had died
(Gone their dreams of a Sabri's bride),
But two young boys jumped over the side
As the troopship moved close in the morning.

They could see the coast of the Holy Land
And the beckoning gleam of Nathanya's sand
And hoped for Haganah to give them a hand
To lose themselves in the morning.

But I was there with my little press launch
Full of zeal with my Guardsman staunch,
And when the two Zionists ceased to float
We hauled them up in our little press boat
And tried to explain they'd come to no harm.
(Both had numbers tattooed on their arms
In a quaint old Belsen warning.)

My Guardsman, a reprobate Irish Mick,
Albeit a lapsed Catholick,
Said, 'Give the poor buggers a chance to run
And then we'll go back and face the fun,'
His Paddy's face white in the morning.

But the immigrant ship was towed to the quay
And the two little Zionists brought in by me;
One old Jew jumped over the side
And kissed the ground and cried and cried;
Another leapt down and split his head
And bled an Hebraic script of red
On the Holy Quay in the morning.

An Army troopship took them away
With swift discretion the very next day
And Haifa wept as they sailed away
To a Cyprus camp in the morning.

Envoi

They all are back in Israel now
And the two young Zionists work at the plough,
And my stalwart drunken Irish Mick
Is a reformed much-married Catholick.
But my mind it goes back to Haifa Bay
And dwells on the words I dared not say
And the sorrowful ship that sailed away
From the Holy Land in the morning.

MICHAEL IVENS

Tar and Feathers

The Glittering Prizes. By WILLIAM CAMP. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 25*s.*

F. E. Smith was one of those people around whom gossip collects. I repeated one story about him in this journal which I knew to be authentic and which in private I could and did substantiate. Nor, in spite of Peterborough in the *Daily Telegraph*, did I withdraw it. But perhaps it was a mistake to tell it – because to tell damaging stories which can't be publicly substantiated about people whose relatives may be hurt by them is doubly foolish. Mr Camp's error is worse. He destroys much of the value of his otherwise useful life of Lord Birkenhead by recklessly repeating not only unprovable but even unlikely stories. On the evidence of an unnamed politician he tells us that Birkenhead knocked an ill-behaved man out of a tram and accidentally killed him; that he escaped through the good services of a shipping friend; but on shore was caught *flagrante delicto* and escaped by running barefoot back to his ship.

Oddly enough there is no need to accuse either Mr Camp or his informant of untruthfulness. The probability is that F. E., in his cups, was bragging one night, as he so often did, of his youthful exploits. He often romanticised about his childhood and boasted of poverty from which he never suffered. Again, in dealing, very properly, with the buying and selling of honours scandal in which F.E. played a very ambiguous role, Mr Camp tells us, unwisely, that he took a 'cut-off' from Maundy Gregory. Where is the evidence? Such reckless accusations make Mr Camp an easy target for the *Telegraph* and Beaverbrook press, which have both personal and ideological reasons for creating a splendid myth around F.E.

This is a pity. For Mr Camp's book is a most useful corrective to the whitewashing accounts of F.E. which have been published elsewhere. The present Lord Birkenhead's biography, for instance, does not mention Maundy Gregory and deals in a partisan way with such questions as his dubious wisdom in accepting the defence brief in the Marconi scandal, or, far more serious, making himself prosecutor in the Casement trial and, as Attorney-General, refusing him the right to appeal. This official biography manages somehow to forget the taint of hypocrisy that for ever afterwards hung around F. E. after G. K. Chesterton's classic piece of invective 'Chuck it, Smith.' It even avoids referring to the 'Glittering Prizes' address which expressed the key and centre of Birkenhead's philosophy. Mr Camp's book should be regarded primarily as a supplement and corrective to the official biography. He gives us the whole of Chesterton's poem and adds as an appendix the full text of the 'Glittering Prizes' address.

F.E.'s theory of politics was the buccaneer's. All idealists were sentimentalists. He based himself firmly on the vulgar assumption that since human nature does not change human behaviour cannot improve. He used his 'sharp sword' of venomous wit cruelly and unscrupulously. He was often a bully and a braggart and he became a drunkard. But it is at that point that the interest of his career begins. In practice he was often better than his word. He was one of the most irresponsible of the Ulster Rebels who threatened England with civil war; some of his utterances were certainly treasonable. He could, indeed, have been charged with threatening to wage war against the King. In the House of Lords he repeatedly defended the worst outrages of the Black and Tans.

All this, you may say, was in character with his own philosophy. But it was also F.E.'s character to use his brilliant mind to compromise and look for a reasonable settlement when he was induced to apply himself to the facts. He was more than anyone else in Britain responsible for the settlement which led to the independence of Southern Ireland. Nor, as a politician, was he always the swashbuckling Imperialist that his utterances would suggest. He sought the middle way, and it is by no means certain that had he lived he would have been an opponent of the Welfare State. One fascinating moment of his career was when, in 1922, he sought, with Lloyd George and Churchill, to create a 'centre' party. Some time, another volume will have to be written about F.E. which offers a more profound explanation of his character. To pretend that he was a great statesman is merely absurd. To forget that people who knew him well seldom disliked him, and that he was capable of lovable conduct, is to miss the central contradiction. In the meantime, the student of history must read his son's eulogy and Mr Camp's disparagement side by side and make the best synthesis he can.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Ancient and Modern

War in the Desert. By GLUBB PASHA. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25*s.*

Divide and Lose. By MICHAEL IONIDES. *Bles.* 21*s.*

Of all our British Arabists, it is General Glubb who has suffered the cruellest fate. Here is a soldier, religious, romantic and devoted, who, along with a small group of brother officers, gave his whole life to the Arab cause – only to find, in his own words, 'all our love and devotion distorted into hatred and oppression'. In two previous books he has told the story of the Arab Legion and of his own service in Jordan, which ended so ungratefully with his dismissal by young King Hussein. Now, in this latest volume, Glubb Pasha goes back to his very first contact with the Middle East. In 1920 he was posted to the new State of Iraq as a Regular Army officer; and, in *War in the Desert*, he recounts the story of the ten years he spent pacifying its southern frontier.

Rather to my surprise, I found *War in the Desert* the most sympathetic and the most revealing of all Glubb's writings. But I must warn the lay reader that, in order to enjoy its distinctive savour, he must be prepared first to swallow a wodge of indigestible Arab history and then to follow in detail any number of desert frontier incidents, which have a habit of running into the sand. Into these rather wearisome annals Glubb has, not very skilfully, spatchcocked a number of purple passages about life in the desert, with the result that, if it is to be judged on its literary merits, *War in the Desert* must be dismissed as an ill-stitched patchwork. I can recommend it, however, as a personal document whose integrity is all the more moving because the author is now resigned to the recognition that his mission to the Arabs only helped to turn them against the West and to destroy the Bedouin society he had fallen in love with.

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cated, heralded the destruction of this virile, democratic equalitarian society. Yet, in the 1920's, when we set ourselves enthusiastically to the task of reducing chaos to order, we had no forebodings. We embarked with enthusiasm upon a programme which appeared to us entirely benevolent and humanitarian, the substitution of peace and security for endless bloodshed and violence.

Later in the book he returns to the same theme.

> The establishment of public security by some overruling power transfers the leadership from the simple, the brave and the honest to the clever, the crooked and the deceitful. Perhaps in the long run the abolition of violence produces a higher morality, nobler ideals and more spiritual service, but it only too often occurs that the immediate result of the abandonment of physical force is a lowering of moral standards.

What struck me in reading these memories of desert pacification is the ingenuousness with which our Middle Eastern experts, both civil and military, set about the task of keeping the Arabs friendly to Britain while leading them out of the middle ages into the twentieth century. At the very time that Glubb was starting his career in Iraq, a similar task was being undertaken by Communist officials among the primitive Moslems of Central Asia. But, whereas the Russian Commissar was the devotee of an ideology that gave him a certainty of predestined success and a precise solution to every practical problem, Glubb and his fellow British officers were not even prepared to admit that they were trying to conduct a social revolution, under British control. As a result, they soon lost their bearings in a strange confusion of Christian ethics, Wilsonian self-determination and dynastic loyalties that aligned them against the national revolution which they were eager to lead.

Defeated in every objective he set himself, Glubb, in this book, retires into a past which has become ancient history within his own lifetime. Both the Bedouin culture and the police activities that he describes are as dead as Doughty. Indeed his active life among the Arabs neatly spans a whole epoch of history, which begins with Ibn Saud, monarch of a still empty desert and leader of a puritan Moslem revival, and ends, less than 40 years later, with the Saudi kingdom transformed into a gross caricature of Western capitalism, a by-word of human and social corruption.

Michael Ionides is a very different kettle of fish. Though he spent many years as a civil engineer in the Middle East, he has never felt any temptation to 'go native'. Glubb became an Arabist in the way other men become mountaineers or bird watchers, whereas Ionides is a typical technician turned political expert, who sees the main features of the Arab revolution far more clearly because his mind is not fuddled by knowledge of or affection for the dying Bedouin way of life. *Divide and Lose* contains the first completely convincing analysis of those treaties with the Arab states which permitted Britain, by a novel use of constitutional monarchy, to remain the paramount power in the Middle East without resort to direct colonial rule. Weak, Old Harrovian kings were the chosen instrument for ensuring that Arab nations to whom we had granted independence remained subject to orders from London.

Unfortunately, however, in backing the monarchs, we backed feudalism and landlordism as well; and after 1945 soon found ourselves opposing all the forces of social and national revolution. In his valuable chapters which describe the work of the Iraq Development Board, Mr Ionides shows how this happened. Since Nuri es Said's dictatorship rested on the support of the great landowners, he could not permit the land reform that was necessary if economic development were to benefit the fellaheen. As a result, when the profits of oil were spent on grandiose projects of irrigation, they actually aggravated the social crisis they were designed to heal.

Having explained all this, Mr Ionides proceeds to his second theme – that the root of all evil in the Middle East is 'expansionist Zionism'. Here his cool detachment ceases. Instead of analysing the Arab case against Israel, he has swallowed it whole and used it (as so many English diplomats used it before him) in order to make his criticism of the Arabs less unpalatable to them. Indeed, in an extract from a letter he wrote in 1956, he almost admits doing so:

> Nuri is the only man who has both the will and the power to hold Iraq against the tide of Nasserism. We have anchored our position to that one man. Therefore we must find a new anchor, and it must be a policy – quite a novelty. Unless that policy includes unequivocal opposition to expansionist Zionism (*not* Anti-Jewishness) it will not be acceptable to the Arabs.

Ironically, the wild anti-Zionism, in which Nuri es Said was encouraged by his British advisers to indulge, proved his undoing. After the Suez fiasco, the suspicion that his British masters had been colluding with Israel was the last straw that broke the Iraqis' patience. Nuri was murdered for betraying the cause of anti-Zionism. The clever, expert advice proffered by Ionides had proved just as disastrous as the Arabist mission of the devoted Glubb.

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A Modern Odyssey

Poems. By GEORGE SEFERIS. Translated by REX WARNER. *Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

English readers have already had several chances to meet the greatest living Greek poet:

> I woke with this marble head in my hands . . .
>
> I awoke with this marble head in my hands . . .
>
> I awoke with this marble head between my hands . . . .

Mr Rex Warner is a very good translator but sometimes, as in this example, he has been forced into awkwardnesses through trying not to repeat the earlier translators of Seferis—two gifted crews, Messrs Durrell, Spencer and Valaoritis and Messrs Keeley and Sherrard. Still, all these three versions seem to me preferable to the first translation of this line – by Robert Levesque: *'Je me suis réveillé, cette tête de marbre entre les mains . . .'* The demotic Greek of the original has itself a marble quality which English perhaps can get nearer to than French; 'I woke' in the Greek, by the way, takes up just one word. Similarly, two lines down in the same poem, the translations run:

> It was falling into the dream as I was rising from the dream . . .
>
> It was falling into the dream as I was coming out of the dream . . .
>
> It was falling into the dream as I rose from the dream . . .

as against: *'Elle plongeait dans le rêve tandis que j'en sortais . .'*

As Seferis's hypnotic effects are largely procured by the repetition of words or phrases (in this line '. . . *óneiro* . . . *óneiro*'), M. Levesque here again loses badly. Yet to all these translators we should be grateful and perhaps most to Mr Warner for the reason that, as its blurb says, 'this volume is the most extensive collection of George Seferis's work to have appeared in English'.

What then is this poet who, writing in a language which, as Mr Warner says, presents even more difficulties than most to the translator, yet keeps inspiring translations and always seems to survive in them? Our first clue is that he was born in 1900 in Smyrna, which is why, as Keeley and Sherrard put it, his poems taken together 'constitute one long work, a modern Odyssey'. It would be interesting for someone, who has vastly more knowledge than I have of both the countries and both the languages, to make an analytical comparison of Seferis and his Italian contemporary Salvatore Quasimodo, the title of one of whose poems, *'A me pellegrino'*, might serve for so much of Seferis's work. In both of them the sense of absence seems to become something positive. But Seferis retains what Mr Warner, drawing on a remark made by the poet himself, calls a 'kind of strong poverty', something akin to the Aegean landscape where the bones always show and to the hard Greek light that accuses while it invigorates. I remember Henry Moore arriving for the first time at Piraeus and saying something like: 'This is a sculptor's country but it must be hell for painters.'

Seferis as a young poet was inspired and influenced by Eliot's *Marina*, but in his own work the sea is both more personal and more Greek – which in his own work comes to the same thing. All through his poems flow the images of the voyage – 'Their souls became one with the oars and the rowlocks.' And the

voyagers keep asking (unanswerable?) questions:

> But what are they looking for, our souls that travel
> On decks of ships outworn . . . ?

The poem which begins like this ends: —

> We knew it that the islands were beautiful
> Somewhere round about here where we are groping,
> Maybe a little lower or a little higher,
> No distance away at all.

Which perhaps *is* an answer; on a plane just a shade above or below our own or just round the corner which after all is our own corner, so near and yet so far in fact, lies something which might make sense of both our past and future and so redeem our present.

Past and present are always interfused in Seferis; and his past, of course, is the most notable in Europe. Hence the recurring imagery of broken marbles. Just as in Dylan Thomas the tides in the human body mingle with the tides of the macrocosm, so in Seferis the men and the statues keep turning the tables on each other. It is typical that in one of his most famous poems, *The King of Asine*, he should have chosen as his protagonist – or prototype – not one of the big names but someone

> Unknown, forgotten by everyone, even by Homer —
> Just one word in the Iliad and that word doubtful . . .

'The houses that I had they took from me' a late poem begins. Yet Seferis can create a house from a rotting ship or a ruin and in every case can people it. With the people for whom he has compassion. The heroes. The lost. The anonymous.

LOUIS MACNEICE

Religion and the Primitive

Myths, Dreams and Mysteries. By MIRCEA ELIADE. Translated by PHILIP MAIRET. *Harvill.* 18*s.*

Archaic works of art are today wholly acceptable, both for themselves and – at least stylistically – as sources and models. Archaic religion, too, is in part acceptable. We admire the imaginative power and the intellectual complexity of the cosmogonies and theogonies of this religion; and we are disposed to find in depth psychology both an explanation and a justification of the role of religious myths in the archaic cultures (and, indeed, even in sophisticated cultures before the Enlightenment). Our openness at the aesthetic level to the religious cultures of the past represents a victory of the historical spirit over the prejudices of the Enlightenment. M. Eliade wishes to press this victory to its final conclusion by demonstrating the *religious* validity of the archaic myths. There is no question, naturally, of an attempt to show that mankind should voluntarily place itself within the intellectual perspectives of a primitive society. Such an enterprise is logically as well as practically out of the question. M. Eliade's fundamental thesis is rather that 'every primordial image is the bearer of a message of direct relevance to the condition of humanity, for the image unveils aspects of ultimate reality that are otherwise inaccessible.'

The method by which the archaic myths are shown to be relevant to our condition is straightforwardly historical and comparative. Institutional practices such as shamanism, rites of initiation, creation-stories, the Buddhist and Hindu scriptures, all these (with much other material), are described and analysed in such a way as to bring out certain fundamental motifs: the universal consciousness of a prelapsarian paradisal condition, the general practice of entering sacramentally *in illo tempore* (the celestial time before suffering and death infected the world) through the ritual enactment of what, in terms of myth, happened 'in the beginning'; the belief that it is through suffering and death that regeneration is alone possible; and so on. M. Eliade does not seem to hold that such a method will enable us to define the essence of all religion, for he emphasises that the Judaeo-Christian tradition gives to particular historical persons and events a weight that is never attached to them in archaic religions, preoccupied as these are solely with events *in illo tempore*. Nevertheless, the crucial events in this religious tradition are epiphanies of the sacred that is prior to history and represent therefore, within human history, what primordially exists *in illo tempore*, and point to the restoration of all things *in illo tempore*, in the consummation of history.

In a way – this is said without frivolous intention – M. Eliade's work is just a little like a commentary by St Paul upon the works of Sir James Frazer. Whereas Frazer's work was generally taken as suggesting that the claims of Christianity to be unique were groundless, for stories of the death and resurrection of a divine personage are legion, it can be shown that the myths have, in relation to Christianity, the function of types and shadows of the unique historical events in which the sacred is manifested with authority. Further, the schematic presentation of the history of religion in terms of a transition

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from animism, through polytheism, to monotheism, taken as given until fairly recently, can be shown empirically to be mistaken. The evidence for primitive monotheism seems overwhelmingly strong. The polytheism of the Gentiles is thus, as St Paul thought, 'without excuse'.

M. Eliade's eminence as a historian of religion is a sufficient guarantee that his general thesis is to be taken seriously. Difficulties crowd in upon us when we attempt to state its exact relevance to the human condition in our own day. On the surface it looks very much as though mythical thinking is no longer necessary as a means to understanding man's place in the world, however useful the myths may be as clues to the dynamic structure of the unconscious (that is, as a means to self-knowledge). Again, mythical thinking is so intimately connected with a whole way of life that has virtually disappeared that it is not easy to see what it would mean for the myths to reanimate our collective thinking. It is true, as M. Eliade points out, that the great illusions of our time, Communism and National Socialism, are collective myths of great power. But these collective myths seem crude and forced compared with the archaic myths.

The only conceivable way in which, without producing intolerable mental cramps, the spiritual content of the myths could reanimate our culture would be through Christianity. But the imaginative response to life which is the great creative achievement of the myths seems almost as hard for Christians as for other people. How many Christians, for example, even among those who are instructed in the matter, are able to respond freely and with inward satisfaction to the sexual symbolism of the repeated plunging of the paschal candle into the baptismal water? In an ecclesiastical system where the consuming of the sacrifice is no longer plainly a ritual eating but virtually a symbol of eating, where baptism and the sacramental anointings are no longer ritual washings and anointings but rather symbols of what they at one time visibly were, the feeling for the wholeness of life, characteristic equally of archaic religion and of the Christianity of the early centuries, is lost. This is not pure loss, for much that is degraded and superstitious has gone too. That there is a loss M. Eliade may be allowed to have shown. How it may be remedied, if indeed we ought to wish it to be remedied, is not so plain. After all, great Pan *is* dead, and for this Christianity must be blamed, or praised.

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The Great Divide

Painting and Sculpture in Europe, 1780-1880. By FRITZ NOVOTNY. *Penguin.* 63*s.*

The Paintings of Fragonard. By GEORGES WILDENSTEIN. *Phaidon.* £6.

The Century of the Impressionists. By RAYMOND COGNIAT. *Clematis Press.* 5 *gns.*

Something happened in art at the end of the eighteenth century. The curious thing is that, though the results are all around us, we still cannot say exactly what it was. That is perhaps the reason for our odd preoccupation with the history of art. We need very much to know why modern art is what it is. Or rather, not *why* – we have heard enough about the spirit of the age – but more precisely *what* the great transformation consisted of, after which nothing could be the same again.

The volume in the Pelican history which was to take us across the great divide should have been the crucial one and the most important in the whole series. If Dr Novotny disappoints us, it is not through his historical equipment (though his history is often summary when it might have been most detailed, and even more often the reverse) but through a failure to isolate the specific character of nineteenth-century painting, the character of which is so recognisably different from everything that went before. This may seem the business of criticism rather than history; unluckily the nineteenth century is one of the periods in which critical issues, the ideas of what painting consists of, are the chief historical determinants.

From the very beginning, with Delacroix and even with David, one is aware that the painter has cast himself in a role which is essentially a new one. The historicism of outlook itself reflects it, and the idea of the painter in history shelters and encourages another that is far from traditional – a realisation of the intrinsic value of the painter's actual work with paint. The most painterly of the art before, even Fragonard, whose free, allusive play with his succulent material allowed him such liberty, does not reveal this peculiar self-importance, with its involuntary intimation that the action of the brush is not only expressive but momentous in itself and potentially autonomous.

Dr Novotny touches on the issue once, in his discussion of Corot. Yet the value of Corot's art, the still centre of the art of the century, is precisely that, with a saintly simplicity, he lighted on an essential principle. Dr Novotny never entirely grasps it, and the failure places him from the beginning in a difficulty. Delacroix (for instance) was greater as a painter than as a draughtsman but his painting was great because he could keep in it 'all the intensity of his drawing.' Criticism, and thus history, are here in a nonsensical impasse; the intensity is surely due not to drawing, nor even in the last analysis to colour in itself (which Novotny oddly regards as in conflict with it in Delacroix and in Cézanne). What is preserved is the violence of a lightning intuition that the reality of painted imagery is visibly wrought out of material that is as real.

The force of nineteenth-century art rests on intuitions of this kind. The progressive analysis of the visual world is in fact an analysis into paint, and into the pure touch of the brush. The virtue of the process, and much of its history, escape Dr Novotny. He examines each successive style in the light of general antitheses – idealism versus naturalism, 'spiritualisation' (the book is translated from the German) versus specific representation, 'colourism' versus 'illusionism' and so on – but the effect is to remove the actual substance of painting from inspection. Moreover, the philosophical method hopelessly entangles the wonderful *dénouement* of the story, the emergence of a spirit that is entirely specific, an idea that is an idea of nature as a homogeneous sensory fabric, and an idea too of the pictorial unity dependent on it. One sometimes wonders if more would not be told by a prosaic, detailed history of the brush-stroke in nineteenth-century painting. But to look so closely at what meant most would, one is inclined to suspect, involve another difficulty; it would reveal that the heroes of the story (apart from one or two Englishmen) were French.

It is hardly credible that in this book, covering a period when France produced a succession of masters unparalleled anywhere, unparalleled perhaps for two centuries, French painting should occupy less than a third of the text. The trouble is not only that French art is treated in less detail than the rest, and often in an almost grudging tone, but that vital links in the chain of events are missing. The way that led to Impressionism in the Sixties and the triumphant developments of the Seventies deserve the most exact historical treatment, yet here the whole of Impressionist landscape painting is jumbled summarily together in five pages. It is evidently difficult in Vienna to realise how little of the painting east of the Rhine, which fills this book, is of any but local interest. Even when his heroes have great interest, Novotny sometimes misconceives it. Caspar David Friedrich is hailed as 'the great beginning of nineteenth-century landscape painting' and the initiator of an appreciation of the non-human forces in landscape 'which reached a new climax in Cézanne'. It would not be sillier to claim this for J. R. Cozens. The Pelican scheme has in fact gone awry. The Romantic movement, which belongs together if anything does, is torn apart. The French painting of the great century is jostled, neglected and cut in half.

M. Wildenstein's definitive monograph on Fragonard makes the most beautiful book for years. All the paintings and the existing information about this sympathetic figure are brought together, though it is not certain that the catalogue would meet Viennese standards

of exactitude. Not many of the coloured albums of nineteenth-century painting, which now flow endlessly from the presses of the world, justify themselves; but *The Century of the Impressionists* is an exception. The pictures are in the main uncommonly well reproduced, and the unhackneyed choice is wise enough to set the French school in its international context without diminishing it in the least. And if the French incline to name a whole epoch after their painters, I for one see no reason to disagree.

LAWRENCE GOWING

Class Warrior

Incorrigible Rebel. By ARTHUR HORNER. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 25s.

Arthur Horner has all the credentials of the professional revolutionary. He was born in Merthyr at the moment when the Welsh miners were turning from Lib-Lab politics to Socialism and syndicalism; and before he became a miner he had built a reputation in the valleys as the Baptist boy-preacher. By the outbreak of the first world war he had started to wage the class war; he was victimised; under an assumed name he went across to Ireland to help the remnants of the Citizen Army after the failure of the Easter Rising; he was arrested on his return, and served terms in prison and the glasshouse for refusing military service; and in the Black Twenties he proved himself one of the most able and courageous leaders of the South Wales miners. And, of course, he joined the CP. There was nothing wrong with his credentials. But the revolution never happened.

So Horner has led two lives. One reached its climax with his election as general secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers. The miners have thrown up a succession of orators and organisers, but everyone agrees that Horner must be ranked among the best of them: there have been only three or four trade union leaders of his calibre in this century. And in his account of the struggle of the miners from the hard days of 1912 to the vastly different conditions that followed nationalisation one can see how close he has always been to the reality of life in the coalfields. It is not surprising that Mr Horner was twice offered a post on the Coal Board. But, equally, it is not surprising that Comrade Horner twice refused the offer. For his other life was dedicated to the Communist Party.

Many able trade unionists passed through the CP in the Twenties and the Thirties; some, like Pollitt, remained in it and became party functionaries. No one, except Horner, has managed for a lifetime to be an important figure in the trade union movement and remain a leading member of the CP. In the attempt, he dissipated much of his energy. He was kept out of key positions in the TUC because he was a Communist, and he was never really trusted, either by King Street or Moscow, because he had a vigorous and independent mind. Officially condemned for being a deviationist in the depression – 'the most outspoken champion of opportunism within the party' was the phrase used by the British politbureau in 1931 – he has always been tolerated for his eminence but suspected of political unreliability.

In this autobiography he says little about his uneasy relationship with the CP. There is a very short and unsatisfactory account of the controversy about 'Hornerism' which led to a months-long enquiry by the Comintern. There is a reference to his refusal, with Pollitt, to accept Dutt's 'imperialist war' line in 1939. And there is a lame discussion of the purges. Horner, it is true, was one of the people who had doubts about what was happening in the USSR, and after the Twentieth Congress he was 'deeply shocked because Mr Krushchev's statements fitted in with many of my own misgivings.' But he remained in the CP, and now gives a sketchy and laboured explanation of how he squared these 'misgivings' with continued membership of the party. The most striking thing about his book, in fact, is the contrast between the way he writes about his work for the miners and the way he talks about his Communism. The first is practical, full of detail, yet fired by a deep and genuine loyalty; the second is superficial, full of muddled thoughts, evasions and trite phrases. The contrast stems from more profound causes than the embarrassment of washing the party linen in public. It reflects the difference in the two lives he has led, between service to his people and devotion to an abstraction.

This contrast makes Horner a complex and interesting figure. It is less sensational, perhaps, than his allegations that Beaverbrook was interested in financing the CP at the end of the war as a means of splitting the Labour vote; that Shinwell was thinking of evacuating London in the 1947 fuel crisis; or that members of the TUC General Council were flown privately to a meeting in Paris and told they must oppose a French miners' strike or Marshall Aid would be stopped. But his life sums up the dilemmas of the British Communist – talking revolution, practising reform.

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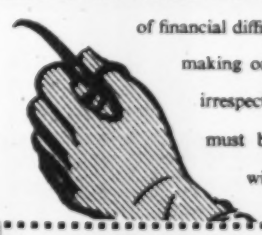

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B U P A

La Dolci Vita

The Outlaws of Partinico. By DANILO DOLCI. Translated by R. MUNROE. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 25*s.*

If you drive westwards out of Palermo up into the hills through Monreale, you come to a point, high up, where the road bends and the land is suddenly spread out before you against the sparkling blue sea in the Bay of Castellammare. The road winds on down through olive-groves and vineyards to meet the Strada Statale 113 at the foot of the hill. At the crossroads stands Partinico. Italian guidebooks praise its setting, but they don't advise the tourist to visit it. Danilo Dolci's book will tell you why.

The *Banditi* of its title are not in themselves the reason. In 1954-6, it is true, more than a score of violent crimes, murder and suicide included, were committed in the area: but by now most of the bandits have been rounded up. Dolci's account of them – 350 outlaws with a joint total of 650 years' schooling and 3,000 years' prison – should remove any last vestige of false glamour from the notion of banditry, setting it in its true perspective of squalor and pathos. Since this account was written, some 150 million lire have been spent on public works in Partinico; but a few years ago, out of some 6,000 families in the town, 1,800 were registered for poor relief, and infant mortality stood at nearly 9% as against 6% for Italy as a whole and 3% for Great Britain. Many of the houses had no drains: their lavatories were often holes in the ground. There was no public washhouse, and linen was washed in a stream which came from the slaughterhouse. Some of the streets were unpaved, with large heaps of uncleared rubbish covered in flies. There was one brothel, whose tariff went as low as 50 lire – 7½d. Among the families of the Spine Sante quarter there were 17 cases of mental disease.

Individual stories fill out the bare bones of statistics: the TB patient lying with basins on his bed to catch the water leaking through the roof; the feeble-minded child with her hands bound in rag to stop her biting them; the labourer of 32 who had to be kept locked behind an iron grille in a corner of the family room. As well as sickness, there was unemployment and underemployment. Inland, there was drought – beside an undammed stream; on the coast at Trappeto, the villagers were robbed by poaching trawlers, using fine-mesh nets to catch the young fish. But shock and anger were not enough: even blame is hard to apportion when hunger and ignorance lead to hopelessness, violence, and waste; when good intentions are blunted against mistrust; and when everything suffers from what Dolci complains of – *'the perennial lack of punctuality* which leads, naturally, on occasions, to frightening chaos.'

Dolci, the architect from the North, helped to break through the charmed vicious circle, bringing knowledge and vigour and optimism, doggedness and immensely persuasive leadership – and a flair for publicity to recruit helpers and funds. Today, he has established centres in five regions of Western Sicily, to fight disease and illiteracy, to promote more effective farming, to raise capital, to help with practical daily problems, and to give a new sense of self-respect to depressed communities. The most famous of his exploits were his 'reverse strikes' in 1955, when he led bands of unemployed to work for no wages on road repair. The incident, reported here, was typical of one who is neither an orthodox reformer nor an orthodox revolutionary, but a shrewd yet innocent practical Christian, with pacifist beliefs and anti-political leanings that his opponents call anarchist: a man well suited for work in Sicily, and deeply Italian in temperament. St Francis came from Assisi.

The Outlaws of Partinico reflects this temperament – less happily, perhaps, than its predecessor *To Feed the Hungry*. Its component sections, somewhat dated despite the translator's notes, are not well put together, and its statistics are confused. Some of the narratives quoted sound like hard-luck stories: some of the reports are weak. It would have been helpful to identify 'Turiddu' as Giuliano and 'Don Calò' as the late Mafia leader; while Dolci might have been fairer to the Italian administration. His translator, too, is far from perfect. But frankly, does it matter? This is a cry for help.

RICHARD MAYNE

SIR KENNETH CLARK
and
JOHN BETJEMAN
discuss
The Poet and Poetry
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18th
at 5.40 p.m.
INDEPENDENT TELEVISION
LONDON · SCOTLAND · WALES & WEST · NORTH EAST · ULSTER
ASSOCIATED TELEVISION
ATV

Lindsay at Keele

A New University: A. D. Lindsay and the Keele Experiment. By W. B. GALLIE. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

This remarkable book is original in conception and skilful in construction. Professor Gallie blends a perceptive character study of Lindsay with a sharp examination of the beginnings of the Keele experiment. His being able to do this so efficiently must be due to his possession of two capacities seldom found together: one (I suppose, a philosopher's gift) the acumen which makes someone a deft, incisive dissector; the other, the writer's gift of a vivid sense of the concrete. The presence of both gives this book its peculiar flavour, lively, sagacious, precise. And Professor Gallie – unlike most of those who write on educational topics – uses language in a supple, personal way. His words issue from him, marked with an individual bite. They are not simply disconnected things floating by his head in bloated balloons. The result is that his book is not simply about Lindsay and the beginnings of the University College of Keele – but of it. It communicates an experience of Lindsay and Keele as felt by a sensitive and implicated observer.

By the time Lindsay came to Keele he had been Master of Balliol for 25 years. He had occupied a unique position in English academic life. He had done more than anyone else to adjust the unique educational structure of nineteenth-century Oxford to the needs and opportunities of the twentieth century. He had been the first socialist Vice-Chancellor, and a remarkably successful one. He had been the trusted adviser of the Labour Party and the TUC for many years. He had been an apostle of adult education. At Keele he was living on borrowed or bonus time. He was often tetchy, difficult, tired and in pain. He was involved in a complex undertaking which, like every other human project, showed as much bitchiness and bumbling as thought and loyalty. And yet, as Professor Gallie says, 'It is one of the properties of great men that, as they begin to fail – whether through old age, ill-health or other causes . . . this falling off seems to leave the total impression of their power virtually unimpaired . . . what a man is, and always essentially was, now stands out starker and clearer.' Even at the extreme of his life Lindsay gave an impression of immense moral power, power which wasn't, for all his Calvinist upbringing, ever pinched or sour but always mellow and generous.

Lindsay, with his enormous experience and extraordinary modernity of spirit, understood that the forms of university education in Britain had fallen too rigidly into the patterns of 'Oxford' with its cult of individual brilliance, and of 'Manchester' with its conviction that every human mind is best trained by severe concentration upon a single subject. Lindsay rejected both these ideals of 'brilliance' and 'research'. In his view what we needed most were men and women with an informed sense of moral and political responsibility. These people would all have their particular lines, but primarily they should have minds with the capacity and desire to reflect sincerely and effectively on what they were doing. Lindsay's ideal was that of a self-understanding society; and this ideal and the study of means to realise it should be in the foreground, it seemed to Lindsay, of all plans for university reform.

It was this idea which was the initiating

concept of Keele and this idea which is of such vital importance to anyone concerned with the life of the universities. The particular means adopted at Keele – the common year of Foundation Studies and the curriculum made up of different kinds of disciplines – are not really more than pieces of machinery. No doubt they all in time will ascend to the Buddha-like complacency of similar devices in other universities. Keele was not a solution. It was a therapy. It was an exercise in loosening the locked limbs of the University posture. It is hard to exaggerate the importance of such an intrusion of novelty into the set world of university notions. Universities are rightly suspicious of the kind of pragmatism that wants to make them service stations and employment bureaux for local industry. On the other hand, no rational person can be satisfied in the twentieth century with universities concentrated upon individualism without reference to the community. Lindsay saw that we had to develop a fresh and cogent association between the university and the community, and that on it depended greatly the health of our society.

One gets from this book an astonishingly vivid picture of that tall shambling, farmer-like figure. One gets too a sense of his immense humanity and force. Lindsay was one of those who bring a kind of dignity to being human. It is Professor Gallie's achievement that his book is level with its subject.

WILLIAM WALSH

Lipset's Nightmare

Political Man. By SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*

The disappearance of the classic liberal and socialist certainties – what American writers celebrate as 'the end of ideology' – has left political studies wide open to the invasion of sociology. The attractions are obvious enough. Political sociology, at least in the form at present in vogue, offers apparently limitless scope for the free play of the grand generalisation. Dealing in synthesis, its practitioners can exploit every branch of learning while submitting to the disciplines of none; encapsulating the most complex problems in the safe circumscription of a carded questionnaire, they appear able not only to discover fundamental and seemingly irreversible trends, but also to quantify their dimensions, and predict their electoral impact. Professor Lipset's new book, which brings together much of this work, should serve as a warning of what happens when plausible sociological generalisation displaces serious discussion of politics and society.

For it is a parody of true scholarship. The parade of sources, the muster of authorities, the disciplined array of footnotes, indicate not so much the range of his enquiry as its predatory nature: a *chevauchée* into the territory of historians, philosophers and social researchers, a series of raids to carry off their most fruitful insights as hostages for his analysis. Whether claiming Tocquevillian inspiration for his theories, or citing 'the British journalist Richard Hoggart' to sustain the view that working class people are 'exposed to punishment, lack of love and a general atmosphere of aggression since early childhood', Professor Lipset seems grotesquely insensitive to the authors whose work he so freely plunders.

Lipset claims that his method – what he calls 'multi-variate analysis' – is a sophistication of Weberian sociology. It would be truer to see it as an elaborate mechanism for the construction of self-validating hypotheses. Once possessed of a generalisation, he seems to believe that almost *any* fact, drawn from his card index file, is sufficient to support it. In place of judgment, he offers tests of 'statistical significance', so that even the most fugitive statistic or slightest correlation prompt him to formulate, or confirm, a law of political behaviour: a Norwegian by-election poll inspires a theory about voting for 'trans-valuational alternatives'; the suicide rate in France – correlating inversely with the Commune, the Boulanger crisis and the Dreyfus affair – 'clearly indicates' the (not very surprising) law that 'crises increase interest and involvement with politics.' Where the categories lie readily to hand, the facts slide obediently into place; where they do not, Professor Lipset, in place of qualification, merely elaborates a new, often more fanciful theory. Public opinion polls, showing a slightly higher Left vote among skilled than unskilled workers in Sweden and Germany, lead to the following piece of bizarre ratiocination:

> The hypothesis which some people more familiar with life in different parts of Europe than I am have suggested is that there is more frustration among the upper levels of the working class in Germany, and perhaps Sweden, precisely because these countries remain the most status-differentiated in the Western world . . . They are in a sense like successful Negroes or Jews.

Facts thus, in Professor Lipset's hands, lose any autonomous existence, and come to be entirely at the mercy of his 'theoretical anticipations'. Countries, epochs and ideologies are reduced to a uniformly servile level where, as 'data', they can be manipulated and correlated at will. Turkey and Lebanon are proved – by 'multiple coefficients' of modernisation – to enjoy conflict-free constitutions, Cuba and Venezuela to be 'stable dictatorships'; the Reformation and Industrial Revolution are treated as contemporaneous; Norway becomes a bastion of revolution in 1920, Ice-

LESSON 3

THE BRITISH have many quaint customs. These must not be confused with Customs & Excise which are not a bit quaint. One custom was started at Colchester by Old King Cole when he found there was an oyster in the month. He immediately said "R!" and opened the COLCHESTER FESTIVAL. The drinking of Guinness with oysters has always been a very popular custom.

The natives are very friendly

GUINNESS
Manners & Customs

Pancake Day—The start of Flat Racing

THE DUNMOW FLITCH is an ancient piece of bacon which they have been trying to give away for years to people who are happy in spite of being married.

Gathering at Braemar to toss the Guinness

HOUSEY-HOUSEY is an Old Army Custom. It is done by numbers, and is not at all like Crown & Anchor where players often finish up in the Glass Housey Housey.

Altogether in the Floral Dance

THE FLORAL DANCE is danced in the altogether to the sound of the fiddle, cello, big bass drum, etc. Another Cornish custom is pasties which are customarily eaten with Guinness.

Wherever you go you get
GUINNESS
It's a wonderful country!

G.E.3307.B

land a 'dictatorship', and Israel a 'backward democracy' characterised by 'the retention of political legitimacy by Conservative groups.' The argument then proceeds by the juxtaposition of utterly heterogeneous material in which even contradictory facts – listed as 'major exceptions' – manage somehow to be endowed with the character of additional proof. The following passage (discussing the 'radical propensities' of old people) is representative:

> Pension movements in the United States have had a tendency to identify or co-operate with radical movements . . . Samuel Pratt suggests that older persons in small communities in Germany tended to go Nazi. In Holland, public opinion data indicate that the Communists are more successful than the socialists in winning the support of retired workers . . . On the other hand, contemporary American, German, Swedish, Italian and French data suggest that the old in these five countries tend to be disproportionately Conservative.

Everything, in fact, turns out to correlate disproportionately with something else to produce, through Lipset's fecundity of generalisation, what amounts to an essay in systematic overproof. Almost everyone, in his description, seems to vote Conservative – parents ('children serve to restrain any propensity for deviant behaviour on the part of their parents'), the young and the old, the upwardly mobile and the downwardly mobile, people living in stable poverty, people experiencing prosperity; and so exhaustive is his list of 'nonvoters', that in the end it is the voter who appears to be deviant. Some of the generalisations that result stand plainly in opposition to each other: anti-semitism correlates disproportionately with Labour voters on page 126, with Conservatives – a different survey supporting a different hypothesis – on page 129. More commonly, however, they are pitched at a level so general that they seem designed less to illumine the processes they purport to describe, than to accommodate almost any possible contingency:

> Key historical events may account for either the persistence or the failure of democracy in any particular society, by starting a process which increases (or decreases) the likelihood that at the next critical point in the country's history democracy will break out again.

His real failure, however, lies less in the book's particular insensitivities than in the crippling effect of so purely sociological a discussion of 'political man'. Never considering the actual character of political movements, confusing referents with determinants, and causation with equation, he sees politics as a mere reflex of status. His study begins and ends with the location of the status bases of political support, so that movements totally different in spirit and purpose – liberalism, fascism, communism, even received religion – appear in his pages as no more than alternative solutions to status discontents, 'ameliorating the strains of the stratification system', while the politics of the American South are found, in a lengthy study, to have been diverted from their 'natural' – *i.e.* sociological – course by the 'confusing' and 'emotion-laden' issues of slavery and Negro rights.

Professor Lipset thus creates a dark and unfamiliar world, peopled with working-class authoritarians and self-employed totalitarians, a world where men are driven by prestige urges to seek perilous outlets of status gratification. Indeed, so frightened is Professor Lipset by the world his theoretical imagination has conjured into being, and so alarmed at the 'aggression' and 'emotion' he finds latent in every political allegiance (even 'nineteenth-century liberals' are found to have strong fascist propensities), that he comes close to condemning voting, participation and political division – the central institutions of the democracy his book ostensibly sets out to protect.

RALPH SAMUEL

Shorter Reviews

The Paradox of Tragedy. By D. D. RAPHAEL. *Allen & Unwin.* 16*s.*

The problem of tragedy is a simple but unsolved one: why should the experience of the fictitious miseries of others give pleasure? For philosophers it has had a greater fascination than any other literary topic. Mr Raphael, a professor of philosophy, begins, as we all do, with Aristotle, and it takes him nearly six pages to 'discard him altogether'. His own view, which he admits is not strikingly original, is that the key to the matter is our exhilarating experience of a conflict between the sublimity of the powers (fate, necessity, character, chance) which overwhelm the tragic hero and the grandeur of his vain defiance of them. Mr Raphael does not spoil his ideas by a rigorous exposition. The human emotions are accepted by their ordinary descriptive labels, in the pleasant old-fashioned way. Neither Freud nor Jung obtrudes; neither sadism nor masochism defiles the dignity of literary appreciation.

The second essay, on Religion and Tragedy, is more remarkable. 'The great tragedians are disturbed by injustice, and are led to wonder whether the power that moves the world is just.' But although both religion and tragedy are concerned with the problem of evil, the writer of tragedy exemplifies the problem without offering any solution, and 'his attitude is not that of religious faith but of religious questioning.' Mr Raphael finds quite implausible the attempts to make out that Shakespeare's tragedies are Christian. He has an ingenious view of Plato as, in his way, one of the Attic tragedians: the trial and death of Socrates has something of the tragic excitement and satisfaction. Having thus discussed the philosopher as dramatist, he passes to the dramatist as philosopher, with remarks on Giraudoux, Sartre, Marcel and Arthur Miller. 'My subject is philosophy not literary criticism, and the topics raised are dealt with as philosophical questions,' Mr Raphael tells us. But he need not have worried; his essays are not distinguishable from literary criticism except by the superior clarity and directness of the writing.

T.S.

The Truth about Publishing. By STANLEY UNWIN. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

This monolith among bookmen's books, which has always had some of the qualities of a cenotaph, has become a kind of totem pole symbolising how wrong it is to hunt, kill and eat publishers. If you know as much about publishing as Sir Stanley Unwin does you can perhaps disregard it, but very few people do; and in this reprint of the much-revised seventh edition (1960) it is, more than ever, a book for writers to study with profit, printers with sympathy, publishers with envy, and ordinary, intelligent readers with surprised initiation. It is now right up to date with copyright libel, and censorship laws, and the current economics of paperbacks. In his preface Sir Stanley hopes that, in his zeal to explain the publisher's difficulties, he hasn't shown any lack of sympathy with authors; and he hasn't, though, he remarks, 'I can truthfully say that this book would have been a good deal easier to write had I not seen their point of view so clearly'. He not only sees it but expresses it for them with a Spartan simplicity. This must have been, at first draft, a superlatively difficult book to write. Its well-earned reputation as an easy one to read is much enhanced by the use of the beautiful Baskerville type-face with 'one-point leads' between the lines, and by the fact that it will lie flat open at the page you are reading.

C.H.R.

The Cricketer's Companion. Edited by ALAN ROSS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s.*

A discriminating choice of poems, stories and extracts from novels makes this the most readable cricket anthology there is. The only regrettable omission from these sections is Conan Doyle's story about the man who bowled out the Australians with donkey-drops. The problem with a cricket anthology is that it is difficult to find verse and fiction worth anthologising by respectable literary standards, yet even more difficult, when it comes to writings about real cricket, to know what to leave out. The section called 'Great Matches' with its choice of six contests covering nine decades must have been especially tricky to compile. This said, one still has to express disappointment over three of the matches that didn't get in. First, the game, so movingly described by Cardus, in which A. C. Maclaren came out of retirement to lead a Gentlemen of England XI, all youths and veterans, to victory over the invincible 1921

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TUNE IN TO WARSAW TONIGHT — AND EVERY NIGHT

Australian tourists. Second, the Lord's Test of 1930 against Australia, which Cardus has called 'the ideal cricket match', though the account to include would be, perhaps, not Cardus's but P. G. H. Fender's, because of its polemical interest. Third, the Fourth Test of the 1951-52 series between Australia and West Indies: the moral collapse of the West Indies side while the game was being sneaked from them by Australia's last pair had something truly tragic about it. Actually, West Indies cricket as a whole hardly exists for this anthology, which is also perhaps rather too gentlemanly in orientation: it would have been nice, for example, to have an Andy Capp cartoon or two among the illustrations to offset the picturesque old prints. Finally, some readers might have enjoyed Adrian Stokes's psycho-analytic paper on cricket, with its irresistible combination of Freudian detachment and personal involvement. It would have provided cricketers with companionship more disconcerting than they get from the amiable belle-lettrism of most of even the best writing on the game.

A.D.B.S.

The Historic Reality of Christian Culture. By CHRISTOPHER DAWSON. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

International Conflict in the Twentieth Century: a Christian View. By HERBERT BUTTERFIELD. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

These are the first two volumes in a series entitled *Religious Perspectives*, the editorial board of which ranges from Barth to Radhakrishnan, from Auden to Suzuki. The series has as its professed aim the rediscovery of man leading on to the rediscovery of God. Whether all the contributors will rediscover the same god or even the same humanity remains to be seen. The first two volumes are Christian, humane and platitudinous. Neither of them makes Christianity sufficiently painful to be true to itself or sufficiently attractive to make it appear true to other people.

A.M.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,608 **Set by Red Setter**

'But gentlemen never wear brown' Lord Curzon is reported to have stated. The usual prizes are offered for a ballade based on this line. Limit 12 lines. Entries by 28 December.

Result of No. 1,605 **Set by Bob Cratchit**

The usual prizes are offered for the completion in not less than eight and not more than 12 lines of a seasonal poem beginning:

A periscope for Peeping Tom
A cradle for the cat

Report

This was a popular competition, with interest divided between the traditional and the topical. Among recurrent presents and recipients were: Lady C., to be given either a beau or some peace; Callas, showered with yachts; the Archbishop of Canterbury with hats; John Freeman with faces; Betjeman with bells. There were lots of individual ingenuities that I liked, such as: 'a metheglin for Mickey Finn, and a hone for Jack the Ripper'; but few, very few, entries had the combined fantasy, aptness and polish I had hoped for. I do admit that the limits, as one competitor complained, are rather constraining. Indeed, since setting the competition, I have been only able to add one line to my original two: 'A terror-wig for Absalom . . .' I suggest a guinea each for those whose entries are printed in full; half a guinea for those from whom verses have been abstracted:

A periscope for Peeping Tom,
A cradle for the cat,
An egg and straw for Grandmama,
For Cantuar a Hat.
A pair of 'specs' for Sister Anne,
Venetian blind for Pew,
A hanky for the crocodile,
And foot the bill for Hugh.
A virginal for Lucky Jim,
A hoop for Jumping Jo,
Some China-ware for Uncle Sam,
Godiva – furbelow!

EILEEN TULLOCH

A periscope for Peeping Tom
A cradle for the cat
Oedipus Rex for dear old Mom
For every tit a tat
An apple a day for William Tell
A Nobel Prize for Sartre
Embalming fluid for Little Nell
Some thread for Cleopatra
Crawfie's Works for Malcolm M
A snap of Hugh for Michael
An ounce of 'Passing Clouds' for Clem
For Stirling Moss a cycle . . .

MOLLY FITTON

A periscope for Peeping Tom
A cradle for the cat.
A supermarket for Charlie Clore
(A tie for Uncle Pat).
O Hark! They're singing 'Holy Loch'!

The snow is SHINING WHITE
And Hugh and Michael play at Snap
On such a MERRY night.
The season brims with goodish will
And even Man is human,
So let us pray a little prayer –
'There's more Hops in Ben Truman'.

KEN GEERING

A periscope for Peeping Tom,
A cradle for the cat,
A coronet for My Lord Benn,
For Fighting Hugh a gat,
A raspberry for the Pentagon,
Rich plums for all the Arts,
A Trollope for dear Uncle Mac,
For Wolfenden some tarts,
Red roses for O'Casey,
For Bob a golden fee,
And blessings on you if you grant
A guinea please to me.

P. W. R. FOOT

A spare tool for the plumber's mate,
New boots for boastful Danny,
A tranquilliser for neighbour's child,
And a monkey gland for granny.

L. J. RYDER

A bosom for each viper,
For dead men, nice new shoes,
A mince-pie for the Piper,
A Chronicle for news.

DAVID DE SAXE

A smokeless zone for Santa Claus
With chimneys free from soot;
A cocktail cabinet for Hugh
(Contents by Michael Foot).

A. M. ROBERTSON

A Face to face for Freeman, John,
Green eyes for Mad Carew,
New music for the Dying Swan,
Maps for the Wandering Jew.

LYNDON IRVING

A holey mass for Henry Moore
For Ptolemy a ptomb
A *Krokodil* kartoon for K
A clanger for Charles Clore
An Oscar for Olivier
For licensing new lore

W. G. DAISH

A dollar loan for Dagenham,
A rest for SuperMac,
A peerless pen for Wedgwood Benn,
A fig for all-right Jack.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

DONALD WINDHAM
The Warm Country
With an introduction by E. M. FORSTER who says that it is 'completely free from the slickness that comes from attending courses in Creative Literature. Mr. Windham, I understand, has never learnt literature. He merely produces it'. 'Extremely well written.' NEW STATESMAN 15*s*

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER
A Hundred Sonnets
Edited with an introduction by JOHN BETJEMAN and SIR CHARLES TENNYSON.
'He has the exquisite feeling for suggesting distant sounds that one finds in Alfred's poetry, and his great brother's accurate observation of nature.' BIRMINGHAM POST 15*s*

Gautier
GENTLE ENCHANTER
Thirty-four poems translated by BRIAN HILL, whose versions of Rimbaud, Verlaine and Nerval were acclaimed as 'poems in their own right.' 9*s* 6*d*

NORBU
Tibet is my Country
as told to
HEINRICH HARRER
The autobiography of the Dalai Lama's eldest brother. 'The general reader will find it of absorbing charm and interest and can have the satisfying assurance that it is authentic Tibet.' OBSERVER
Colour Plates 25*s*

HART-DAVIS

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

In the course of the last six or seven thousand years we have created species of flora which, if not actually superior to the natural, are nearer to our heart's desire. The noble grasses which are at the foundation of every high civilization – barley, wheat, rice and maize – are so remote from their wild progenitors because of the way in which the farmer has controlled and directed them along special evolutionary lines, that only a specialist can now identify the ancestor plants. Most of these man-made plants are not viable excepting in what one may perhaps call a symbiotic relation with man. Maize, for example, simply does not and never did exist as a wild plant: it was developed, by prehistoric South American Indian farmers, from a pod-corn which looks nothing like it, presumably by selection of a naked-seeded mutant; and it survives of its own accord only for two or three seasons.

Not only arable crops as we now know them, but plantation crops, that is our fruit-trees, and garden crops, both ornamental and 'economic', are dependent for their propagation and continued being on the farmer and gardener. Certain species, usually trees, transplanted out of alien flora into our own, are firmly established as elements of the British countryside. But, with these few exceptions, if an epidemic wiped out the human population of these islands, it would not be found by African botanists landing here in the year AD 3000 that the flora had been much enriched for all time by our labour; it would have reverted to very much what it was when we first set to work on it.

But not quite what it was: consult any good *Flora* and you will find species which although they are wild here are recorded as naturalised, not native. Valerian is one example; and in 1959 thorn-apple made the headlines although it has been here since the 17th century. Such introductions may be disastrous, like the water hyacinth to African rivers, or the Central American *opuntias* to Australia, where these cacti devastated 60 million acres. No alien has violently disturbed our own ecology, although fireweed is alarmingly pushful. To me there is a pleasant sense of gain in such accretions to our flora, and also to our fauna – enriched by the coypu; the fat-dormouse; a species of wallaby; the mink; and others in the recent past. They are some consolation for the extermination of species going on elsewhere in the world.

Most naturalised plant species are insignificant; those which are aesthetically most desirable are likewise the ones least apt to get a firm hold on the business of living in England. We have, for example, no native lilies, but two have made themselves a small place in our flora: *L. martagon* is to be found in a few places, one of them a wood in Kent about 50 miles from London. Another martagon, *L. pyrenaicum*, has established itself in small colonies in Devon. In a few very favoured spots such exotics as the South African agapanthus show themselves able to form natural colonies, and I know at least one place where the New Zealand pittosporum seeds itself quite vigorously.

A relatively new horticultural practice will make it even more improbable that any of our best crop plants should survive as wildings without the farmer's help: this is the practice of sowing seed of annual vegetables like sweet-corn, or perennial ones likes asparagus, or of certain annual fruits such as tomatoes, cucumbers or melons, whose seedlings will be F1 hybrids. For the benefit of those who eschew genetics, an F1 hybrid is the first offspring of a cross, and so combines the qualities of both parents. But owing to the rather troublesome laws established by Mendel, *their* seeds produce seedlings which do not reproduce those qualities but a mixed lot of immediately ancestral ones.

The ordinary practice of a seedsman who breeds a good new variety is to 'fix' as many of its good qualities as possible by self-fertilising selected seedlings until he can offer seed with a known and stable performance. But in the course of this repeated 'selfing' in the F1, F2 and so forth, generations, the price of fixing some attributes is the loss of others present in the F1 hybrid. But seedsmen have now found it possible in some cases to repeat, every season and on a large, commercial scale, the original first cross, selling the resultant seed which is therefore good to produce an admirable crop for sale and consumption, but not a seed crop. Thus any 'escapes' from such plantings into the wild would not (even if they happened, improbably, to be viable outside cultivation) perpetuate the valuable qualities of the F1 hybrid in the wild.

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City Lights

TAURUS

The way up and the way down are not at all the same thing to Grandma. An opportunity to raise interest rates fills her with sudden, dramatic vigour: she lowers them reluctantly, deferring action until it is bound to seem an anticlimax. Last week's cut in Bank Rate was over-expected, and the City was quite ready to accept the suggestion that a measure so subtle and pervasive in its mode of operation was unlikely to produce any particular effect.

Grandma, you may be sure, is all for the government's policy of not pushing production until the import bill begins to fall and not seeming even to think about such things while important wage claims are flying around. Yet her statement that Bank Rate was cut for external rather than for internal reasons is still a little odd: Bank Rate is not usually cut when the balance of payments is heavily in the red unless – as in the US at present – the business outlook at home is so bad that it demands first place. This was an unusual kind of cut, made to narrow the gap between US and UK interest rates and to help staunch the outflow of short-term money which has depleted the US gold reserve and thrown the US Treasury into jitters. Other European interest rates are coming down for the same sort of reason: even Germany may one day feel the force of example.

The difference between 5½ and 5 per cent is not enough to produce much immediate effect; rates here are still 2 per cent higher than in the US and there is unlikely to be a sudden outrush of hot money, much of which has recently gone into long-dated stocks. But the gold reserve – once Ford is over and done with – will begin to show the fact that the UK and other sterling countries are in deficit, and will fall. Grandma evidently now considers that it is large enough and sufficiently well backed with drawing rights on the IMF to afford the fall and that hypochrondria is too dangerous a fashion to encourage. It has, in fact, risen by $430m this year, despite the growing payments deficit and the repayment of $300m to the IMF. The increase in Bank Rate at the end of June, when hot money was already moving into the country on a considerable scale, was largely responsible for the difficulties of the US Treasury and for the risky situation which has since developed: Grandma can scarcely claim credit for what little she is now doing to repair the damage. And if it is fear of greedy workers and easy-going employers which now prevents her from moving backwards further and faster, she can reflect that the bargaining climate would have become chillier six months ago if the growing trade gap had not been hastily papered over with hot money.

★ ★ ★

It will be some time yet before the City can afford to stop worrying about hire purchase finance companies. Share prices were marked down further on the results of Mercantile Credit, one of the larger and more sober houses: not only were its profits down by a quarter, but its dividend was cut quite unexpectedly from 15 to 12½ per cent. The trouble, it appeared, was not so much bad debts – the amount written off for bad debts in the accounts, in fact, need have little to do with current trading experience – as higher interest rates and the effect of stiff competition on profit margins. Competition, however controlled, is likely to remain stiff in the future, and the market is hunting for alternative growth stocks.

It still suspects, of course, that some of the sizeable houses may have suffered far more seriously from bad debts than they have yet chosen to disclose. Small houses have less scope for reticence, and Federal Consolidated, whose difficulties have been rumoured for months past, is now openly looking for a larger company to take it over. The case is made more interesting by the fact that Federal Consolidated comes from the same stable as CUPIDS unit trust and that the difficulties of the one have influenced the future of the other. Unit trusts can always be decently run down and the underlying securities sold for what they will fetch, but the unit trust movement – languishing with the market at present – would not gain from such publicity. Several groups were approached about the possibility of taking over the management of CUPIDS and one, Unicorn, has agreed to do so: the main drawback is that CUPIDS has attracted the small investor with such success that it now has a high proportion of accounts too small to be handled profitably.

★ ★ ★

Some apprehension has been aroused in Throgmorton Street by reports from Italy. Italian share prices have been dropping from their dizzy peak for some time past, but on Monday morning, with the banks tightening up on the use of credit for speculation, prices suddenly opened 20-30 per cent lower than they had closed last week. Small investors crowded the visitors' galleries, tried to force their way angrily on to the floor, and hurled not only abuse but inkpots at their professional advisers. Share prices here were remarkably firm on Tuesday.

Company News

Most of the main company news this week has come from the steel industry. *United Steel* reported a 25 per cent increase in profits but disappointed the market with its dividend and shocked it with the announcement of an expected rights issue. *Thos. Firth & John Brown* raised its dividend as expected but could report only a tiny increase in profit, entirely due to higher investment income. *John Summers* announced a smaller increase in dividend than hoped for and an increase in profits of only 7 per cent: its new sheet capacity was only partly productive during the year. *Steel of Wales*, by contrast, not merely raised its dividend from 10 to 12½ per cent but reported that a 14 per cent increase in turnover had produced a 31 per cent increase in profit: the sheer size of the recent import bill for sheet steel should protect it and Summers from the effects of the recession in consumer durables for some time to come. *Colvilles*, too, produced excellent results – profits up by 37 per cent and a dividend up from 14 to 16 per cent; the company spent £16m of its own money on development last year and will soon be ready to begin on its government loan.

For the rest, *Watney* (allowing for its acquisitions) has announced a 22 per cent increase in profits, up to the best standard of the industry, and is paying 18 per cent in place of the 17 per cent forecast; *Guinness*, less dashingly, has reported profits up by only just over 10 per cent. *Army & Navy* is withdrawing its bid for Gorringes. *Great Portland Estates* (much against its will, no doubt) is raising debenture capital from an assurance company in exchange for a share of the equity.

COMPANY MEETING

BARCLAYS BANK D.C.O.

Mr. J. S. Crossley reviews the African Scene

The Thirty-fifth Ordinary General Meeting of Barclays Bank D.C.O. will be held on 3 January in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement by the Chairman, Mr. J. S. Crossley:—

Nineteen hundred and sixty was expected to be a year of marked political changes in many parts of the British Commonwealth, particularly in Africa. The expectation has been fulfilled.

Political developments, however spectacular, must not be allowed to obscure the background of progressive work that is, all the time, going on in other fields in these new countries. The excellent work that is being done, for example, in Kenya, in carrying through what amounts almost to an agrarian revolution, deserves something more than a passing notice. In West Africa, the remarkable efforts put into the building of the great Universities of Legon in Ghana and Ibadan in Nigeria, and also into the development work in the oilfields, are of great significance for the future.

Progress Elsewhere

While progress of this kind may stand out most sharply against the background of less developed countries it should be remembered that substantial progress has continued elsewhere. In South Africa, for example, thanks to the development of the newer goldfields, production has reached a record level and is expected to total at least £270 million this year against approximately £250 million in 1959 and £220 million in 1958.

I do not doubt that rapid economic progress will continue in many of the new countries in Africa and elsewhere, and in some of them at an increasing rate, despite political tension. One feature that all seem to have in common is the desire for prosperity and progress, with its accompanying hunger for capital. There are abundant signs that amongst the industrialised countries of the West, a recognition of this need, and of its urgency, is growing.

To this immense work your Bank can make a valuable contribution through the provision of an efficient and necessary service.

One of the most significant trends in our business during the year has been the continued demand for advances. Our lendings have increased by £53 million since last year, and have now reached the record figure of £301 million. The result is reflected in a sharp increase in earnings.

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Autumn 1960

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The Chess Board

No. 577. Top and Bottom

By the same mail, the other day, I happened to get review copies of two books rather neatly complementary; one of them contemplating the very top rung of the ladder of chess prowess, whereas the other book caters for those still hovering about the bottom rungs of that ever more elongated ladder. It's *The Complete Chess Player* by Edward Young (*Arco*, 21s); and while the title may seem to be somewhat presumptuous the book does contain a large number of lucidly explained positions, well selected to acquaint the beginner with basic endings and significant middle-game hazards. The book's only weakness is the hopeless attempt to squeeze far too many openings into inevitably scanty space. By dropping some half pages devoted to, say, the Ponziani, the Falkbeer, the Greco-Counter, space could have been saved for slightly less rudimentary treatment of more important openings and a few additional lines on their basic ideas.

As for Golombek's *Fourth Candidates' Tournament* (*B.C.M.*, 21s), my only grudge is the somewhat steep price for a mimiographed paperback of 118 pages. Otherwise I have nothing but praise for the interesting day-by-day account of the tournament and all its 112 games, briefly but adequately annotated. Apart from the customary openings index there are indices on middle- and end-game features, and there's a useful round-by-round progress table; there are also some statistics on *all* Candidates' tournaments, and I was interested to learn that Smyslov and Keres, the only players to have competed in all four, scored 59.2% and 58.6% respectively, whereas Bronstein, Petrosian and Szabo, competing in three of those *élite*-tournaments, have aggregate scores of 58.5%, 54% and 46% respectively. With so much grandmastery to choose from, here's Keres' brilliant win over Gligoric.

1) P-K4, P-K4; 2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3) B-Kt5, P-QR3; 4) B-R4, Kt-B3; 5) 0-0, P-QKt5; 6) B-Kt3, B-K2; 7) R-K1, P-Q3; 8) P-B3, 0-0; 9) P-KR3, Kt-QR4; 10) B-B2, P-B4; 11) P-Q4, Q-B2 12) QKt-Q2, B-Q2; 13) Kt-B1, KR-K1; 14) P-QR4, BPxP; 15) BPxP, Kt-B1; 16) Kt-K3 [Golombek points out that this is better than PxKP, chosen by Gligoric against Tal and leading to an uneventful draw]. Kt-QKt5; 17) B-Kt3, PxRP [. . . KtxP of course, would fail against Kt-Q5!; 18) BxRP, BxB; 19) RxB, P-QR4; 20) Kt-B5, B-B1; 21) B-Kt5, Kt-Q2 22) R-R3! [Preventing . . . Kt-B7 and preparing for the switch to the K-wing]. P-Q4 [Golombek suggests that, rather than open up the centre, Black should have played . . . Q-B7]; 23) PxKP, KtxP; 24) B-B4, KtxKt ch; 25) RxKt, Q-Q2? (Q-Kt2!); 26) R-KKt3, R-R3? [. . . P-Kt3 was forced]; 27) RxP ch!, BxR; 28) Q-Kt4, QxKt [Relatively best]; 29) QxQ, R-KB3; 30) Q-Q7, R(3)-K3; 31) R-K3, PxP; 32) R-KKt3, R-R1 [So as to retain the resource of . . . R-KKt3 against the threat of B-R6]; 33) Q-Q4, R-KKt3; 34) QxP, R-QB1; 35) P-Kt3, Kt-B3; 36) R-Q3, R-K3; 37) Q-B4, R(3)-K1; 38) R-Kt3, R-K3; 39) B-R6! [. . . RxB being ruled out by Q-Kt4]. R-Kt3; 40) BxB, KxB; 41) Q-B3 ch, K-Kt1; 42) P-R4, Kt-K2; 43) RxR, ch, RPxR; 44) QxP, R-B8 ch. The "spite-check", and after 45) K-R2 Black resigned.

So as to pay due homage to the hero of the tournament, the 4-pointer for beginners is a game position he achieved in one of the first match games he contested as world champion. How then did White force a speedy win? (It involved outwitting a witty resource that would have seemed to be available to his opponent). **B**, a win and **C**, a draw are celebrated studies, not too difficult, I hope, for 6 and 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries by 12 December.

A: Mikhail Tal 1960

B: R. Bianchetti, 1925: /7k/8/5r2/16/2R5/8/1K1B5/.

C: E. Zepler, 1928: /k7/7p/2p5/2rp1PP1/pp6/7p/5K1P/4R3/.

REPORT on No. 576. Set 26 November

A: 1) R-Kt2, K-R3; 2) R-Kt3, K-R2; 3) R-Kt4, K-R3; 4) R-R1, K-R4; 5) R-Kt3, K-R5; 6) R-Kt2 etc.

B: 1) P-B7, B-Q3; 2) K-Kt2, KxP; 3) K-B3, K-Kt6; 4) K-K4! (K-Kt4?), K-B5; 5) K-B5, K-Q; 6) K-Kt6, B-B1; 7) K-R7, K-K3; 8) K-Kt8, K-K2; 9) P-Kt6 etc.

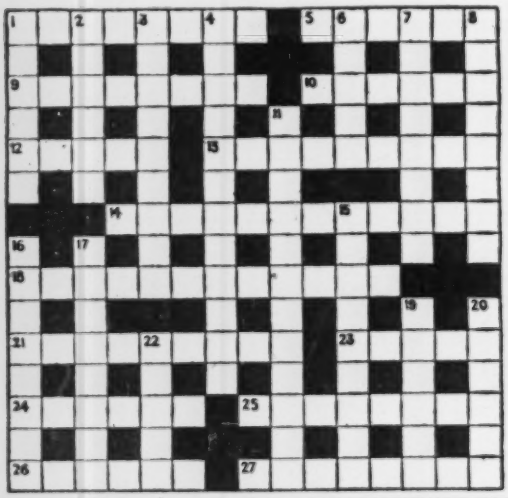
C: 1) K-B3, K-B4; 2) K-K2, B-R5; 3) B-Q5, Kt-K4; 4) K-K3, B-Q1; 5) K-Q4, B-Kt3 ch; 6) K-B3, B-R4 ch; 7) K-K4, P-B6; 8) B-K4 ch, K-K3; 9) B-Q5 ch etc.

No one got principal variation of **C** completely right, those nearest sharing the prizes: D. E. Cohen, M. P. Furmston, C. Sandberg, A. J. Sobey, J. J. Walsh.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 436

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 436, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 28 December.



ACROSS

1. The unconventional person could have been born in a home (8).
5. Composition mentioned in the Wessex tetralogy (6).
9. Strange curtness provides a hard skin (8).
10. Lump to do with the turning of the head (6).
12. A vote against this place would be solid (5).
13. Broken-hearted at heart, they look after animals (9).
14. Hitler, for example, has to employ torture among other possibilities (12).
18. Substitute relative RAF officers call different (12).
21. As almanac changes place (9).
23. Plunders the furniture back (5).
24. Temporary performance (6).
25. Something to use in the kitchen when there are insects behind the food (8).
26. Eastern flower or season (6).
27. Shandy neat without the backing of culture (8).

DOWN

1. 'Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly ——' (*Othello*) (6).
2. Game which is half the means of admission (6).
3. Home for animals in Cornwall (9).
4. Make an honest man sit in amazement (12).
6. Age caught in a rise of confidence (5).
7. Put up with a letter concerning everything looking up (8).
8. Without three points this furnishing would be a nuisance (8).
11. Politician who is not at home in his constituency (12).
15. Although they are impractical they can keep a date without a register (9).
16. Not acting, but very loud in a decapitated Behan hero (8).
17. Keeps apart: perhaps love is stale (8).
19. More religious and more like a riddle (6).
20. A third of the estate to be abundant in value (6).
22. House for hair without a bob (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 434

F	I	L	L	I	P		O	F	F	P	R	I	N	T
A		A		N			R		A		B		I	
N	E	T	H	E	R		P	O	N	Y	T	A	I	L
C		I		R			G		L		D		L	
L	U	N	A	T	I	C		M	O	O	R	A	G	E
U		I		I		A		A		A		N		R
B	E	S	P	A	T	T	E	R	E	D				
S		T			E		C				M		R	
			F	A	R	T	H	I	N	G	A	L	E	
S		M		L		P		E		U		L		V
T	R	I	P	O	L	I		D	E	C	L	A	R	E
A		M		O		L			L		D		A	
F	O	O	T	R	U	L	E		R	E	F	I	L	L
F		S		E		A			A		E		E	
S	T	A	N	D	A	R	D		P	R	I	S	E	D

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 434

David Shone (*Oxted*)
Stuart Morris (*London WC1*)
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ACCOMMODATION VACANT

WC1 gdn Sq. Furn. grnd floor flat, dble b/s., k.-d., use bath. £5. TER. 1628.

NEWLY dec. comf. b/sit., h. & c., all convs, in modern priv. flat. Suitable business gentleman or student. 3 mins Golders Grn Tube. SPE. 0602, 8-9.30 a.m.

NICE girl wanted to share Holland Park flat with three others. (Flat & girls friendly & reasonably civilised). Ring Byfleet 41424 after 6 p.m.

UNFURNISHED s/c. flat, 2 rms, kit., bthrm/toilet. Edmonton. Main road. Suit bus./prof. couple. £4 wkly. Box 9286.

MUSWELL Hill. 7 mins Tube. Dble rm & kit. Suit one/two ladies. £4. Box 9309.

ROOM in young couple's flat with breakfast & heatg. Supper if wtd. AMB. 4783.

SHARE Chelsea flat, own bedrm. £3 10s. p.w. Suit girl 28-35. Box 9332.

HIGHGATE Wds. One-rm bach. flatlet, excep. furn. nr bus. 3 gns inc. c.h.w., cing, el., use frig., b. MOU. 5196 aft. 6.

LARGE sunny room, breakfast and evening meal, all meals week-end. Winchmore Hill. 5 gns. Telephone PAL. 7812.

4TH girl wanted in flat NW area. Own room. 'Phone WILlesden 1700.

LARGE single divan-rm in woman doctor's maisonette. Use k., bath. £13 monthly. PRI. 1202 before 12.30. Avail. 31 Dec.

LARGE room, suit two, with kitchenette, h. & c. 4 gns. TUDor 0516.

LECTURER'S tiny South London house, available five to six months. 6 gns weekly. Tel. BRI. 7860.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

DOUBLE room, light attractive garden view, close tube, buses, shops, park, Hampstead Heath. Built-in cupboards. Divan, couchette, concealed ckg, cen. htg, h. & c.; friendly, unconventional family. 4 gns. Vacant 31 Dec. Box 9363.

JEWISH young lady wanted to share self-contd furnished flat in NW London with 2 others. Non-orthodox. Box 9253.

PERSONAL helpful service is the keynote of our organization. All accommodation is thoroughly inspected by us before letting. Personal Accommodation Services Ltd, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

RICHMOND. Bed-sit. and kit. Rent & furnishing by arrangement. RIC. 3819.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd. East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

BARNET. Two unfurnished rooms, one fitted as kitchen, low rental if willing baby-sit occasionally. Write Box 9128.

BED-sit.-rm, breakfast at nominal rent for young person exchange occasional baby-sitting. Kenton. Box 9312.

KENT Coast, nr Deal, furnished large sitting-room with double bedroom, alcove-kitchen, dining room. Open views, cosy stove, tel. 3½ gns, 6 months or longer. Write Wingrove House, Walmer, Kent.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YNG architect offers about £4 a week for undec. un/under-furn. floor of large house, sink, stove, washbasin or convertible premises. Camden Town/Cent. Box 9219.

YOUNG lady grad. reqs bed-sit., ckg facs – not gas-ring; Kens. Box 9347.

YOUNG Belgian girl sks room in priv. house, with ckg facs. W. End/nr. Willing baby-sit 3 times a wk. SUN. 2542 9-10 a.m.

CANADIAN girl studying Art would like to share a flat with 2 or 3 girls. Preferably in Hampstead. Tel. SLO. 3372.

OXFORD grad. 28 seeks to share flat Central London from 1 Jan. Box 9303.

ARCHITECT needs furn. room/attic near West End. H.c.w., ckg facs. No restrictions. Box 9195.

TWO young men seek furnished flat, 2 rooms, kitchen, etc. N. Hill Gate, Bayswater, Lanc. Gate, Kensington. Box 9308.

FOOD & DRINK

CHRISTMAS Turkeys direct from our Norfolk Farm. Plump birds, prepared ready for the oven, 3s. 6d. per lb. dressed weight. Carriage 3s. 3d. COD. Millers Turkeys Ltd, Gt Massingham, King's Lynn, Norfolk. 'Phone Massingham 73.

WARD & Martinez Ltd, 50 Brewer Street, W1. The best of the low-priced wines chosen by and for people who know. List on request.

FINED for Parking? Rent going up? New shirt torn at the laundry? Cheer up, rumour has it Uncle George means to send you a dozen El Cid Sherry this Christmas. Gorgeous stuff!

FOOD AND DRINK—contd

WINES FOR CHRISTMAS

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MOULIN à VENT '59	7s. 6d.	MACON Rouge	6s. 3d.

Sample Packs i.e. (a) one bottle each of Graves, Vin Rose, Moulin à Vent '59 20s.

(b) of all six wines listed above 40s.

(c) six Graves and six Macon Rouge £3 10s. 6d.

12 Wines, each from a different wine producing area or country £5 15s.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUSTRALIA

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES

NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

SENIOR LECTURER IN PHYSICS

Applications are invited for appointment to the position of Senior Lecturer in Physics at the Newcastle University College.

Salary: £A2,579 range £A3,029 p.a. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience.

Applicants should possess a higher degree or equivalent qualifications. The successful applicant will have special responsibilities for lecturing to and supervising the work of senior undergraduates and honours students. No restriction is placed on the field of specialisation. The present staff of the Department is engaged in research in the fields of spectroscopy, electron optics, the solid state and solar energy. Special facilities exist for research work in the field of spectroscopy. There is an active research group in physical metallurgy in the Department of Metallurgy at the College. The University's digital computor, UTECOM, which is located in Sydney is also available for research purposes.

The Department of Physics which forms part of the Division of Science of the College is associated with the School of Physics of the University of New South Wales in Sydney, headed by Professor C. J. Milner.

The Department which at present has an academic staff of one senior lecturer and four lecturers at Newcastle is responsible for all pass degree courses in physics at the College, and in conjunction with the School of Physics of the University of New South Wales provides an honours course. In 1960 there were 325 students including those in engineering and applied science who were undertaking courses in physics of limited duration.

Subject to passing a medical examination, the successful applicant will be eligible to contribute to the State Superannuation Fund.

First Class ship fare to Sydney of the appointee and his family will be paid. 4 copies of applications including the names of 2 referees should be lodged with the Agent General for New South Wales (Dept HH), 56-57 Strand, London, WC2, England, and a copy forwarded to the Appointments Section, The University of New South Wales, Box 1, Post Office, Kensington, New South Wales, by airmail to reach there before 3 FEBRUARY 1961.

AUSTRALIA

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES

LECTURER IN ECONOMICS

The University invites applications for appointment to the position of Lecturer in the School of Economics at Kensington.

Salary: £A1,759 range £A2,464 per annum. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience.

Applicants must possess a degree with honours or possess equivalent qualifications. Applicants are sought with special qualifications and experience in one or more of the following fields: value theory, welfare economics, economic institutions, income and employment theory, theory of growth, econometrics and/or statistics. Subject to passing a medical examination, the appointee will be eligible to contribute to the State Superannuation Fund. The First-class ship fare to Sydney of the appointee and his family will be paid. Four copies of applications, including the names of two referees, should be lodged with the Agent General for New South Wales (Department HG), 56 Strand, London, WC2, and a copy forwarded by airmail in an envelope marked 'University Appointment' to the Bursar, The University of New South Wales, Box 1, Post Office, Kensington, New South Wales, Australia, before 20 JANUARY 1961. Candidates outside the United Kingdom and Ireland need only submit one copy of their applications to the London address.

SPRINGFIELD Hospital, Beechcroft Road, Upper Tooting, SW17. Psychiatric Social Worker, one of four, required. The Hospital serves a wide area covering parts of Middlesex and London and possession of a car would be an advantage. Full-time secretarial assistance and excellent office accommodation. Applications giving age, experience and names of two referees to the Group Secretary, immediately.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES

LECTURER IN SOCIOLOGY

The University invites applications for appointment to the position of LECTURER IN THE SCHOOL OF SOCIOLOGY within the Faculty of Arts.

Salary: £A1,759 range £A2,464 per annum.

Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience.

Applicants should possess a degree, preferably with honours, in sociology or a related field, or possess equivalent qualifications, and should indicate in their applications the area in which they have specialized.

The School of Sociology is responsible for courses leading towards both first and higher degrees in arts as well as a diploma in sociology. In addition, courses are given in sociology as part of the programme in humanities and social sciences.

Subject to passing a medical examination the appointee will be eligible to contribute to the State Superannuation Fund.

First class ship fares to Sydney of the appointee and his family will be paid.

Four copies of applications, including the names of two referees, should be lodged with the Agent General for New South Wales, 56 Strand, London, WC2, and a copy forwarded by airmail in an envelope marked 'University Appointment' to the Bursar, The University of New South Wales, Box 1, Post Office, Kensington, New South Wales, Australia, before 20 January 1961. Applicants outside the United Kingdom and Ireland need only submit one copy of their applications to the London address.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

Department of Social Anthropology

Applications are invited for a Psychologist in the Department of Social Anthropology to assist in a study of urbanization and the effects of industrialisation which the Department is conducting in Sierra Leone, West Africa.

The appointment will commence next April-May, and will be for two years, including approximately one year spent in the field in Sierra Leone.

Applicants should have an Honours degree in Psychology, or its equivalent, and should state their experience of psychological research. The ideal candidate will be one who welcomes the prospect of working with Social Anthropologists and who is interested in testing and test construction.

Salary – £1,400 per annum, plus field work expenses. In addition the person appointed will be entitled to a cost of living allowance while in Sierra Leone, free passages for his wife, if accompanied by her, and to children's allowances if applicable.

Requests for further particulars should be made to Dr Kenneth Little, Department of Social Anthropology, University of Edinburgh, 3 Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh, to whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be sent by 15 January 1961.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

Department of Mathematics

Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Applied Mathematics at a salary on the scale £1,050 x £50 – £1,400 x £75 – £1,850 (efficiency bar at £1,550) a year for a Lecturer, or within the range £800-£950 a year for an Assistant Lecturer, according to age, qualifications and experience. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach The Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 24 January 1961; candidates overseas may apply in the first instance by cable, naming three referees, preferably in the United Kingdom.

UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL

Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer (Grade II) in Economic Statistics within the Department of Economics. An appointment will be made if possible to date from April 1961. Salary within the Grade II scale £1,050-£1,850 per annum.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University, Bristol 8, to whom applications should be sent by 7 January.

THE Consumers' Association, publishers of 'Which?' has vacancy for young Advertising Executive with previous direct mail or space-buying experience and head for figures. Salary in £750 region. For further particulars and application form write to Administration Officer, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

INTERNATIONAL VOLUNTARY SERVICE

(British branch of Service Civil International, which has consultative status with UNESCO)

Owing to the expansion of its activities, which include the organisation of work camps in Britain and the exchange of volunteers with other branches of SCI, International Voluntary Service requires

(a) a deputy organising secretary with energy and initiative, to be responsible for the placing of volunteers and the organisation of work-camp projects, at an annual salary of £600 x £30 to £720.

(b) a competent clerical assistant for general office work, including maintenance of records, typing, answering general enquiries, supervision of stock and assisting the deputy organising secretary with the placing of volunteers, etc., at an annual salary of £450-£500 x £22 10s. to £550-£600.

(c) a part-time housekeeper, to be responsible for the administration of a small hostel and transit centre in London, at an annual salary of £156 with free room, heating and breakfast.

Further particulars and application forms (returnable by 10 January) from W. J. Taylor, Chairman of the Executive, 37 Charlwood St, London, SW1.

SELLY OAK COLLEGES, BIRMINGHAM

in association with the Central Training Council in Child Care (Home Office)

The Council of the Selly Oak Colleges will offer a new one-year course of training for housemasters of approved schools in 1961. The Council of the Colleges invites applications for the post of Tutor who would be in charge of the course under the general direction of the President of the Colleges. The duties include teaching one main subject, tutorials, arranging practical training and general co-ordination. Applicants should be qualified to teach a subject relevant to the work of approved schools and should preferably have had residential experience. Graduation and experience of adult education an advantage. The appointment would be for three years in the first instance. The salary scale is £980 per annum, rising by £32 10s. to £1,370, plus an administration allowance of £97 10s. Duties to commence if possible on 1 April 1961. Applications should be sent by 20 January 1961 to the President, Selly Oak Colleges, Birmingham 29, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COUNCIL EDUCATION DEPT.

Applications invited for the following additional posts in the Child Guidance Service in Twickenham & South-West Middlesex.

(a) FULL - TIME EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGIST. Hons degree in Psychology or equiv., recognised clinical training & teaching exper. essential. Duties include general advisory work in schools & work in the Child Guidance Centres.

(b) FULL - TIME PSYCHOTHERAPIST. Hons degree in Psychology with recognised post graduate mental health training &/or equiv. exper. in Child Therapy essential.

Salary posts (a) & (b) Soulbury II £1,290-£1,560 (male), £1,271 9s.-£1,532 18s. (female), plus equal pay adjustment. Prescribed conditions. Application forms from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Gt George St, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 31 December 1960. (Quote F.46 NS&N).

EAST SUSSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE

CHILD GUIDANCE SERVICE

Applications are invited for the post of PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER at the Bexhill Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of a recognised training course. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical Council 'A' Scale.

Further particulars and application forms obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Lewes, Sussex.

PERSONAL Assistant to owner of retail business of good standing. Congenial position for capable conscientious woman. Good English, typing & figure work essential. State age & details of career. Box 9196.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY/REPORTERS ADEN GOVERNMENT

Required to assist in transcription/editing of the proceedings of Legislative Council and Secretarial duties. Appointment on contract for tour of 18/24 months in first instance.

Salary according to experience in scale £975 rising to £1,550 a year. Outfit allowance £60. Gratuity 12½% total salary drawn. Free passages. Liberal leave on full salary.

Candidates must be single women of good education with Shorthand and/typing speeds 120/50 w.p.m. respectively.

Apply to CROWN AGENTS, 4 Millbank, London, SW1 for application form and further particulars, stating age, name, brief details of qualifications and experience, quoting reference M3B/53024/NJ.

HAMPSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGIST (Assistant) to work in School Psychological Service. Salary Scale £1,070 - £1,560, commencing salary to be according to qualifications and experience. Candidates should have a Degree in Education or Psychology. Varied teaching experience an asset. Suitable post for Trainee.

Further particulars and application form, returnable by 30 December, from the County Education Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SOUTHEND-ON-SEA

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

CHILD CARE OFFICER (MALE OR FEMALE)

Applications are invited for the post of Child Care Officer, salary within the special scale of the National Joint Council Salary Scales (£665-£975 per annum). Position on scale according to qualifications and previous experience. Candidates should hold the Home Office Certificate in Child Care or Social Science Diploma, and/or have had experience in the work of a Children's Department. A car is provided for the use of the successful candidate and ability to drive will be an advantage. Removal expenses to the Borough will be reimbursed. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination.

Application forms and full particulars obtainable from the Children's Officer, 20 Warrior Square, Southend-on-Sea. Application forms should be returned to the Children's Officer not later than 24 December 1960.

ARCHIBALD GLEN, Town Clerk.

CITY OF SHEFFIELD

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

STAFF NURSERY NURSES (resident) at 'The Moss' Residential Nursery, in delightful surroundings on the outskirts of Sheffield.

Applications are invited from persons holding the NNEB Certificate or equivalent qualification.

Salary according to age: under 19 years £385 less £155 residential emoluments. 19 years £405 less £155. 20 years and over £458 to £598 less £175. Superannuable post, medical examination.

Apply giving date of birth, education, experience, qualifications, present and past appointments (with dates) and names and addresses of two referees to the Children's Officer, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield 1.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

ORTON HALL SCHOOL

Appointment of Resident House-mother

Lady with some home nursing experience required for the above residential post at the Orton Hall School, Orton Longueville, Near Peterborough.

Duties to commence January 1961. Salary scale £390 x £15(2) x £20(3) - £480 per annum. Less residential emoluments valued at £120 per annum.

Applications by letter, stating age and experience to be accompanied by two testimonials, should be forwarded to the undersigned as soon as possible.

IAN C. CURREY, Director of Education.

County Education Offices, Gazeley House, Huntingdon.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Part-time Psychotherapist reqd at East Quinton School for junior Maladjusted pupils, Eastbourne Rd, Seaford, for four three hr sessions p. wk. Hon. degree in Psychology with recognised post graduate mental health training &/or equiv. exper. in Child Therapy. Fee 55s. 6d. p. sess., plus travelling expenses. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Gt George St, SW1, returnable by 30 December 1960. (Quote F.10 NS&N).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Ashley House Remand Home, Worksop

Applications are invited from qualified teachers (married or single men) for the post of Deputy Superintendent at this Remand Home for 23 boys. Experience in social work with young people desirable. Salary £995 p.a. x £28 p.a. to £1,135 p.a. less £135 p.a. for board and lodging. Accommodation for wife and family. Write to Mrs M. R. Spencer, Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, for application form and further particulars, quoting Est. 180.

A. R. DAVIS,
Clerk of the County Council.

BUCKS COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Interesting new post as housemother in charge of Home for seven girls between 12-16 years. The Home has been built in a pleasant situation on a housing estate within easy reach of the centre of Aylesbury. Previous experience of work with adolescent girls essential and qualifications in child care, nursing or moral welfare an advantage. Salary on superintendents' scale, viz. £730 to £805 less £180 per annum for residential emoluments. Conditions of service as laid down by the National Joint Council. Free accommodation provided for husband in return for part-time assistance in the Home.

Further particulars from Children's Officer, 18 Walton Street, Aylesbury. Closing date 31 January 1961.

OXFORDSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

COUNTY LIBRARY

Applications are invited from Librarians with suitable qualifications for an interesting post, likely to expand in scope, as an Assistant in the Schools Service, to take charge of a mobile service to secondary schools and technical colleges by specially equipped van.

Experience in driving a car essential. Salary in accordance with APTI scale (£645-£815), subject to review in the light of a year's operation of this new scheme.

Applications, with the names of two referees, should reach the County Librarian, 14 Norham Gardens, Oxford, within a fortnight of the appearance of this advertisement.

A. R. CHORLTON,
Director of Education,
County Offices, Oxford.

POWICK HOSPITAL,
NR WORCESTER

(1,000 beds)

2 SOCIAL WORKERS with Degree or Social Science Diploma required. Progressive hospital four miles Malvern/Worcester with full range of therapeutic activities including OP Clubs and hostel for patients employed locally.

Salary £515 (at age 27) rising to £785 p.a. Applications to Medical Superintendent, who will be glad to supply further information.

TRANSLATION. Persons of Graduate standard in various foreign languages required for part-time translation. Full particulars please to Box 9270.

'You can't even get a good argument round here – everybody agrees with you!'

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CROWLEY HOUSE FAMILY REHABILITATION CENTRE

Vacancy will occur shortly for the post of WARDEN of Crowley House, a small Family Rehabilitation Centre started in 1956 taking up to six families. Post offers exceptional opportunities for working closely with families who have multiple problems and scope to develop this experimental piece of intensive casework. Warden is supported by full and experienced staff.

Crowley House is under management of an independent Trust and is a modern building with newly completed staff wing situated in own grounds in attractive district.

Applications are invited from women who have already held posts of responsibility in social work. Good salary offered. Married couples are also welcome to apply and special arrangements including house could be made to suit them.

Further information and forms of application from: The Secretary, Crowley House, Wooley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham 29.

CANADIAN RED CROSS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL,

TAPLOW, NEAR MAIDENHEAD

RHEUMATISM RESEARCH UNIT (MEDICAL RESEARCH COUNCIL)

require a SECRETARY prepared to help with research projects. Good shorthand and typing speeds essential. Salary according to age.

Applications stating age, experience, with names of two referees, to Hospital Secretary.

BBC requires Producer (Films) in Belfast. Duties include advising Television Producers on film matters, directing film sequences for programmes covering a wide range of subjects and origination and execution of telefilm projects. Also responsible for giving professional supervision to cameramen, editors, and recordists and generally maintaining standards of operational work in all film processes. This demands imaginative origination of ideas, wide experience of film editing and ability to execute documentary themes. Knowledge of Northern Ireland desirable. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.528.N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Scriptwriter (British) in European Productions Department in London. Duties include writing documentary features and other broadcast material for audiences outside the UK on subjects connected with international affairs and the British scene. Essential qualifications: proved writing ability and aptitude for assembling and presenting facts in a concise and interesting form; thorough knowledge of current affairs; wide interests; good political judgment and ability to formulate ideas for output. Desirable additional qualifications: first hand experience of conditions abroad and a knowledge of one or more foreign languages. Shortlisted candidates will be asked to take a test. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.607 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Producer/Programme Assistant, School Broadcasting in Swansea. Work includes script editing and producing broadcasts both in English and Welsh. Qualifications required: teaching experience, special knowledge of interests and capabilities of young children, good qualifications in music, thorough acquaintance with Welsh language, literature and folk lore. Some experience of dramatic production desirable. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.600.N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Lectureship in Philosophy. Applications are invited for appointment to the abovenamed position, for which the salary range is £A1,750/75/2,350 p.a. with superannuation similar to FSSU. Candidates are requested to state their special interests within the philosophical field and/or to mention the fields in which they are best qualified to lecture. The appointee will be expected to take up duty as early as possible in 1961. Conditions of appointment and a general information sheet are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 18 February 1961.

SECRETARY, 35/40, with organising ability for City. Salary £700/£750 plus annual bonus. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0676.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Statistics. Applications are invited for this position. Salary range – Senior Lecturer £1,750-£2,000; Lecturer £1,250-£1,700 per annum. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 15 February 1961.

LONDON County Council. Qualified Psychiatric Social Workers required as members of mental health social worker teams in the nine health divisions of the county. Duties of teams include all aspects of community care work for the mentally ill and mentally sub-normal, and psychiatric social workers as members of a team will have special responsibility for individual case work demanding their qualifications. Whitley salary and condition.. Married women eligible. Particulars and form from Medical Officer of Health (D1/N/3170/12), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 9 Jan. 1961.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker (holding appropriate qualifications) required for Henderson Hospital (previously the Social Rehabilitation Unit, Belmont Hospital). This unit specialises in treatment of character disorders in a therapeutic community. Salary and conditions as prescribed by Whitley Council. Further information can be obtained on request. Applications, giving full details as to age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Group Secretary, St Ebba's and Belmont Group Hospital Management Committee, Group Office, Belmont Hospital, Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey, as soon as possible.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Dept. Full-time Psychotherapist reqd at Edmonton & Enfield Child Guidance Centre, Dryden Rd, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middlesex. Hon. degree in Psychology with recognised post graduate mental health training & /or equiv. exper. in Child Therapy essential. Salary Soulbury II £1,290-£1,560 (male), £1,271 9s.-£1,532 18s. (female), plus equal pay adjustment. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Gt George St, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 31 Dec. (Quote F48 NS&N)

AS a result of the retirement of the present Matron the Jewish Blind Society invites applications for the post of Matron at its Bournemouth Holiday Home. Excellent accommodation. Contributory staff pension scheme. Persons with nursing experience should apply to The Secretary, 1 Craven Hill, W2

ALMONER, Banstead Place. Pioneer unit for rehabilitation of severely disabled young people. Experienced Almoner required for planning, research and welfare. 32 beds with at least 90 admissions a year. Applications to the Secretary, Dorincourt Estates, Leatherhead Court, Surrey.

NURSE (SRN or SEN) wanted for Jewish Old Age Home in Kew Gardens. Salary Whitley Scale or higher. Excellent accommodation and every comfort provided. Please apply to the Matron, Otto Hirsch House, 2 Priory Rd, Kew Gardens, Surrey

NURSES! Your services are required in a Home looking after elderly Jewish blind people. Excellent conditions both as regards pay and accommodation. Pleasant atmosphere. Mental nursing experience an advantage. Contact Matron, Springdene, 29 Oakleigh Park North, Totteridge, N20. (Tel. HILLside 1802).

SENIOR Economist required by London Merchant house for Research into commodity trends and market organization. The work involves the analysis of supply, demand and price trends and continuous reviews on economic and market development. Candidate should be familiar with information sources and be experienced in judging commercial problems. This is an interesting post with considerable scope and the salary will be attractive. Apply Box 9235.

AMENITY Organisation with 12,000 members has a vacancy for a Secretary/Shorthand typist. Applicants should have speeds of 120/60, previous experience in the preparation of reports, committee agenda and minutes and be able to assist in the compilation of 'Copy for publications'. State age, education, career and present salary in writing to the Ramblers Association Ltd, 48 Park Rd, Baker St, NW1 and mark envelope 'TS/SEC'.

ECONOMIST. A young graduate holding a good degree in economics and statistics is required by a London Merchant house to prepare commodity reports, analyze price trends and market organization. Previous experience is not essential, but the candidate must be a man of ability who is interested in making a study of commodity markets. Write Box 9236.

IN Doubt about Holidays?. Lead a small group of teenagers on an adventure holiday. You'll need to be fit; to have humour and understanding; the ability to organise and to create a happy, carefree week youth hostelling. Application form from: Peter Hall, YHA, St Albans, Herts.

SHORTHAND-Typist wanted by painter and wife. Live in. Nice country home; remotely situated village, 30 miles Edinburgh. Box 618, R. & W. Advertising, 18 Hanover Street, Edinburgh.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WILLIAM Heinemann Ltd, Educational Books. Two Secretary/Shorthand-typists required immediately for interesting, permanent posts. Good education more important than experience. Ring Mrs Karolyi, HYD. 4141, for appointment.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

WANTED: A man to open and to develop a second-hand bookshop in Surrey. Experience essential. Academic qualifications an advantage but not essential. Commencing salary £1,000. Write Box 9237.

DR BANDA negotiates – Winifred Johnson reiterates – tea, a chat and a job from Winifred Johnson Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages), HOL. 0390.

QUAKER widower, two children, interests in science, arts, vegetarian, needs housekeeper, do everything. Not much money but a challenge. Carshalton Box 9337.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXP. Sec. Sh./T. sks responsible perm. posn Harpenden/London. 20 hrs wkly school-term times. Some hol. wk poss. Gd speeds. Accurate. Tech. minded. Interested books, people, languages, etc. Box 9159.

YOUNG Italian, speaking fluent German and good standard of English, seeks any employment New Year which will enable practice in speaking English. Available for interview in London up to 20 Dec. – Abruzzese, REGent 5080.

WELL-educated girl, 23, requires interesting and responsible work, London, as change from teaching Speech and Drama. Box 9294.

ARTIST (Painter (Royal Exhibitioner), Etcher, Sculptor, wood and metal craftsman) will organise or take charge Museum, Exhibition (Artistic or), Historical Collection. Experienced repairs and restorations. Photographs available. Box 9086.

MALE 26, Social Sci., Child Care, sks responsible posn, res. Box 9330.

WIFE, ex-Bank, Library, office, seeks part-time work, clerical, reception, book-shop. Suggestions: Box 9334.

ECONOMIST, lady, good clerical, secretarial experience, languages, needs work 2 days per week. Box 9339.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

GANYMED Prints 14s. to 4 gns; framed copies also in stock from 30s. Catalogue of prints 2s. from Ganymed, 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Christmas Presents. Jewellery by Gerda Flockinger, Diane Thubron, Anthea Alley, Brion O'Casey and Michael Snow, also Picasso Scarves on sale, in the Gallery.

DO you pick your teeth much at table? 'Hints on Etiquette' (1834) makes an amusing Christmas gift book. 4s. 9d., post paid from Turnstile Press, 10 Great Turnstile, WC1.

XMAS cards, Prints, Pictures, Picture Framing, Pottery, Hogarth Gallery, 16a Hogarth Place, SW5. FRE. 3328. 2 mins from Earls Court Stn. Open all day Sat.

CHRISTMAS Cards sold in aid of African Bureau, Race Relations; UNICEF and National Trust—also Art Reproductions, Chinese, Japanese, etc. Gordon Fraser, Waterhouse, 2 The Arcade, Swiss Cottage Station, NW6. Secondhand books in fine condition, too.

BAMBURGH Galleries Ltd. Victoriana for Christmas! China, glass, paintings, furniture. 94 York St, W1. PAD. 0281.

PICTURES for Xmas at Phoenix Gallery. A fine show of framed and unframed colour prints from pre-history to Picasso. Call, 36 St Martins Lane, Trafalgar Sq., WC2, or write for new catalogue.

COLLET'S Christmas Choice: Children's books from Russia; Seven Seas paperbacks; gift books from USSR, Eastern Europe, and China. See them at Collet's Bookshops, 64 Charing Cross Rd. WC2; 45 Museum St, WC1, 193 Haverstock Hill, NW3; 62 Carr Lane, Hull, or send for lists.

LADIES Head Scarves. Painted views of Cambridge, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, London. 54s. Fast colours. Kenwin Studio. Little Shelford, Cambs.

A TIT Feeding Bell hanging outside your window provides endless entertainment. With bracket, 7s. 6d. Tit Nesting Boxes with observation door. 15s. p.f. Also Bird Tables: Wm. Hill, 10 Moniaive, Dumfries.

COLLECTORS Gallery, 89 Portobello Rd. W11 (posh end of course) invites you to acquire status and cultural prestige this Xmas by giving their signed original symbols – splendid o.k pictures by top people for top people at indecently low prices. No better way exists of gaining acceptance and esteem. Christmas Present Sale has now begun. All day Saturdays: closed Thursdays. Sculpture, mainly Eastern and African, also on sale, but recommended mainly for self-giving and personal egoidentification. If unable to call please write for lists.

OLIVIER, Fonteyn, Gielgud etc on porcelain, finest handmade pottery, tableware, original gifts. Briglin Pottery, 22 Crawford Street, W1.

BOOKS, etc.—contd. from p.992

FRENCH scholarly works always wanted, including long runs of periodicals. Librairie Française R. G. Boulton, 17 Gillingham Street, SW1. VIC. 1583.

WIMBLEDON: Visit Lloyd's Bookshop, 64 High St, this Christmas. New and Second-hand books and Remainders, Prints, Christmas Cards, unusual Pottery. WIM. 6723.

BOOKS Review Copies and others in fine condition purchased. D. Levin, 38 Berners St, W1. MUSeum 4224.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI 3030.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London WC2.

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. We collect RIV 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Steiner (Books). AMBassador 1564.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' - leaflet 6d. Visual Arts Club. 12 Soho Sq, W1.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

APAL TRAVEL & SEE SPAIN LTD

present

FREE FILM SHOWS

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CONWAY HALL
RED LION SQUARE
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1961 Brochures now available.
Free tickets (state date required) and Travel Brochures for 1961 available from Miss Williams

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For the convenience of our clients our shop will be open on weekdays from 9.15 a.m. to 6 p.m., and during January and February also on Saturdays from 9.15 a.m. to 5 p.m. and by appointment.

CHRISTMAS/NEW YEAR

At present there are still a limited number of vacancies on our CHRISTMAS/NEW YEAR PARTIES in Britain (Kent, Berkshire and Surrey) or our WINTER SPORTS PARTIES in Austria or Switzerland.

For details contact ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 8881-4.

GREECE. Private guests welcomed at comfortable villa on Mykonos from early spring. About £57 including travel for a fortnight's holiday. Box 9178.

PROTRAVEL have something for every one. Write now for your copy of our 1960 booklet 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN 3101.

TRAVEL expert offers advisory service (postal) on all your travel problems. Write: 'Where', 87 Regent St, London, W1.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS

THE UNIVERSITY OF HULL
SCHOLARSHIP IN SOCIAL STUDIES

The University offers for competition each year a Scholarship in Social Studies of £40 per annum, tenable for two years, to students, aged 20-40 years, who have at least two years' experience in some practical occupation and who wish to obtain a Diploma in Social Studies. (The award is often supplemented by the Local Education Authority of the successful competitor.) Applications must be made not later than 31 January. Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, The University, Hull.

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BISHOP'S Stortford College, Herts. Examinations for the award of open scholarships between the value of £200 and £40 will be held on 8 and 9 June 1961. For boys under 12 on 1 September 1961, English and Arithmetic; for boys under 14, usual papers. Music Scholarships also available. For particulars apply to the Headmaster.

PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Com. 29 Dec. Shelagh Delaney's The Lion in Love.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8.0. Sat. 5.0, 8.0. 'Progress to the Park'.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. New musical, 'Misadventures of Mr Pickwick'. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns) Comédie Française in Le Mariage de Figaro (A)

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 18 Dec.: Rex Harrison in 'The Rake's Progress' (A). From 19 Dec.: Guinness in Arnold Bennett's 'The Card' (U).

DANCE. International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sat. 17 Dec. 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 5s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Roy Vaughan Quartet Saturday 17 December, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. Non-members 5s. Non-members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member. New Year's Eve at the ICA. Dancing to the Neil Millett Jazz Band: Cabaret by Bruce Lacey 9 p.m.-1 a.m. Members 12s. 6d. Their guests 15s. Non-members 17s. 6d. (Inclusive of one night's membership).

HAMPSTEAD Continental Club. Readers wishing to meet members may write for invitation to party 27 Dec. Box 9150.

SOUTH African Freedom Assocn Christmas Party, Sat. 17 Dec. at 51 Deansway, London, N2, at 8 p.m. All welcome.

EXHIBITIONS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Picture Fair 9. Tickets 15 gns to win works by Picasso, Piper, Ceri Richards. 8-21 December. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Adm. free. Sherry Party and Draw for ticket-holders only, 21 December at 8.30 p.m.

THE Waddington Galleries: Hitchens, Yeats, Zack, Adler, Frost, Heron, Hilton, Wells and Wynter. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

LYONEL Feininger (1871-1956). Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Closes 17 Dec. Sat. 10-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Picasso: Ceramics. Also continuing: Marc Chagall: signed lithographs, 1950-1960. 10-6. Sats 9.30-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

EXHIBITION of works by Wladyslaw Wolkowski (member of the Association of Polish Artists): Craftsman in Willow. Mondays to Fridays 12 December – 6 January (except 26 and 27 December) 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Extension to 8 p.m. Thursdays. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, London, W1. Admission free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Christmas Present Exhibition. Charming small pictures by English & French artists. Wkdays 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Closing 24 December.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Henry Moore: an exhibition of sculpture 1950-1960. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Adrian Heath – Paintings & Gouaches. Until 6 Jan. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Primo Pantoli (Italy); Cardinali (France); Halide Dolu (Turkey) – Paintings. 5-24 December. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

REX Whistler 1905-1944. Memorial exhibition. Arts Council exhibition Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 18 Dec. Weekdays 10-6; Suns. 2.30-6. Adm. free.

MURAL Art Today at the Victoria and Albert Museum. 10-6 daily, 2-6 Sundays. Admission 1s. 6d.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Works by Picasso, Braque, Picabia, Bott, Carzou, Stanley Spencer, Piper Nolan, Boyd, Bratby & others. Wkdys 10-6. Sats 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1: Winter Exhibition – Paintings, Drawings etc. under £100. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

HYDE Park Gallery presents 'Small Paintings for Presents' till Christmas 1960. 30 Sussex Place, W2. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

'SELECT Art', Art Gallery. Fine Original Paintings and Drawings from 17th to 20th Century. 15 Whytecliffe Rd, Purley, Surrey (opposite Purley Station). Open daily incl. Saturdays 9.30-5.30, Wed. 9.30-1 (closed 1-2). Evening viewing by appointment. Tel. Bywood 1504 and Uplands 0789.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. New Premises now open: Paintings and Drawings 1910-1960 by Lacasse, to 7 January, 10-6.

MOLTON Gallery – Small Paintings and Sculpture by International Artists from 14 December, 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

HIGH Hill Gallery, 4 Hampstead High Street, NW3 (HAM. 8172). Paintings by Olive Cook and Edwin Smith. Weekdays 9.30-5.30 (Thurs 9.30-1).

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Christmas Exhibition (2-20 gns). 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

BUTE Gallery, 3 Bute Street, SW7. Prints by Piranesi, Canaletto and living artists: Paintings and drawings. African and Asian sculptures.

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. E. W. Nay – paintings and watercolours. First one-man exhibition in London. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Adm. Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

1960 Guildhall Lectures to be televised. This year's British Association/Granada TV Lectures which were given at the Guildhall recently will be televised in the Northern Region on ITV as follows: Mon. 19 Dec. at 11.10 p.m. 'The Language of the Gene' by George W. Beadle; Tues. 20 Dec. at 11.15 p.m. 'Communicating with Caliban' by Dr H. J. Eysenck; Wed. 21 Dec. at 11.15 p.m. 'The Human Receiving System' by Lord Adrian, OM, FRS.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Debate on 1884 Fabian Manifesto, Wed. 21 Dec. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 52 Charleville Road, W14.

POETRY and Blues; Partisan, 7 Carlisle Street, W1, 17 Dec. 9 p.m.

MUSIC and Verse – an evening of music and poetry. New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1, at 8 p.m. Wed. 21 Dec.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 16 Dec. 8 p.m. Irina Kirillova, 'Tyutchev, Poet, Thinker'. At French Inst., Queensberry Pl., SW7, Sun. 18 Dec., 3.30 p.m. Soviet Films: 'Tolstoy', film made in last year of his life, 'Meek One' (Krotkaya) by Dostoevsky, 'Interrupted Song' – Czecho-Georgian film, Gruzia Studio.

THE Christ Child in the Creative Arts. Dr. Helen Rosenau, Sun. 11 a.m. 18 Dec., Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m. Education or Indoctrination? F. H. A. Micklewright MA, 20 Dec. 7.15 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 18 Dec., 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'Matthew Arnold Revisited'. H. J. Blackham.

IIWC Public Lecture. Free. Nativities (Illus.). 8.30. Fri. 23 Dec. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

WHAT Will be Our Destiny?' Public lecture, 18 Dec., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

CHRISTMAS Talks on the Theatre for Young Persons: 2 Jan., Judi Dench and John Stride; 3 Jan., Christopher Whelen; 4 Jan., Sir Michael and Vanessa Redgrave; 5 Jan., Visit to Old Vic. For details apply British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Sq., W1.

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LECTURE CRSES, etc.—continued

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

BRITISH Journal of Aesthetics. First No. just out at Bryce, Bumpus, Dillon's, Zwemmer, London, & Blackwell, Oxford.

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SHOSTAKOVICH and Artists under Socialism; exclusive articles on the arts in Britain and USSR. Anglo-Soviet Journal, Winter issue now out. 2s. 6d. (post 2s. 10d.), SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., London, W8.

'COMMUNITY Mental Health Services,' PEP's latest broadsheet, price 2s. 6d., looks at the community care services proposed under the new Mental Health Act. Dept NS, PEP, 16 Queen Anne's Gate, SW1. (WHI. 7245).

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BOOKS, etc.—contd. on p.991

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